

Now that you begin to no-lapadated your trousers are, les are very neat out in "half and "full bloomer," while the simply perfection in trouser e've a great variety of pat- fit all legs and suit all tastes.

s for working men and for \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00, and

s good enough for anybody or ose, \$2.00, \$2.50 and \$3.00. excellence and luxury that en, \$4.00, \$4.50 and \$5.00.

VEST

e have a large assortment in browns, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50,

COMPANY, UTIFITTERS.

SOUTH PARIS 135-2

ford
g-Ranges
BECAUSE OF
which prevents the diff-
per ranges;
os-lined back and heat.
which makes a better fire
h save half the trouble
Extra large Ash Pan, etc., etc.
own we will send a
days' trial.
Union Street, Boston, Mass.

ERS,
TOURISTS.
ct Hotel
Company,
MAINE.
EN
ES:
Daily
wards.
Special Rates for
sojourn of Two
Weeks or more.
MOBILE GARAGE IN
ON,
in the Pine Tree State.

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WEAR.
ably negligee about these
were always considered
and now all wool crashes,
ight worsteds are com-
avor. The coats of these
linings. The trousers
d loops for belts. The
omfort will find it inside
to \$10.00.
STER,
MAINE

The Bethel News.

VOLUME XI.—NUMBER 8.

BETHEL, MAINE, WEDNESDAY, JULY 12, 1905.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

Muslin Underwear.

An almost endless variety of dainty styles. Just what you need for your thin dresses.

Corset Covers.

Many of the prettiest styles we have ever shown.

ONE LOT good muslin, several styles, rows of insertion across front, some with wide insertion and lace around neck, loose fronts, 25 cts.
ONE LOT finer muslin, insertion, beading, ribbon and lace around neck and armseyes, loose front, very neat, 50 cts.
Other pretty styles up to \$1.25.

Skirts.

Just the styles and prices you want.

ONE LOT good cotton, 20-inch flounce, 5-inch wide tucks, hem-stitched, wide hem, 98 cents
ONE LOT skirts of good cotton, wide flounce with three clusters of tucks and one row of insertion, lace edge, \$1.25
ONE LOT good muslin, 20-inch flounce, four clusters of tucks, three rows of 2-inch insertion and lace edge, all lengths, \$1.50
Other styles up to \$3.50.

Muslin Waists.

These hot days you need several thin white waists.

ONE LOT, ten styles made with plain tucks, lace insertion, embroidery, hamburg insertion, many of them this season's styles that were \$1.49, 98 cents.
NECKWEAR is another of our strong lines, new patterns, every few days.

Store closes Friday Afternoon through July and August.

Thomas Smiley
Telephone 112-2.
127-129 MAIN STREET,
NORWAY MAINE.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that L. W. Blanchard of Rumford Falls and Fred Bean Merrill of Bethel have made application to the State Board of Bar Examiners for examination for admission to the Bar at the next session of the Board to be held at Portland on the first Tuesday of August, 1905.

JOHN B. MADIGAN,
Secretary of the Board.

Indigestion Cured.

There is no case of Indigestion, Dyspepsia or Stomach Trouble that will not yield to the digestive and strengthening influence of Kodol Dyspepsia Cure. This remedy takes the strain off the stomach by digesting what you eat and allowing it to rest until it grows strong again. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure affords quick and permanent relief from Indigestion and all stomach troubles, builds up the system and so purifies that disease can not attack and gain a foothold as when in a weakened condition. The constantly increasing use of Kodol Dyspepsia Cure by physicians of hospital and general practice of itself tells how this most wonderful modern discovery has proven to be the greatest digestant for the alleviation of a suffering humanity. Its many cures of both children and adults grows larger day by day. Sold by G. R. Wiley.

DW

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-POWDER.
Shake into your shoes Allen's Foot-Powder, a powder. It cures Corns, Bunions, Painful, Smarting, Hot, Swollen Feet. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c.

FOLEY'S HONEY-TAR
stops the cough and heals lungs

THE NEWS ABOUT TOWN

ITEMS OF INTEREST PICKED UP BY THE NEWS MAN.

Dayton Merrill is enjoying a vacation at home.

Bessie Stanly is home on a vacation.

Mrs. O. M. Mason has returned from a visit to Vernon, Vt.

Dr. Sturdivant spent Sunday with his family at New Meadows.

Miss Alice G. Mason is visiting her mother, Mrs. O. M. Mason.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Lawrence of Portland were in town Sunday.

Mrs. Sarah Woodbury of Portland is at E. A. Capen's for the summer.

Mr. Harry Brooks of Portland was the guest of Widd Twaddle Sunday.

Miss Etta Rich of Lewiston is spending the summer with Miss Mary True.

Mr. and Mrs. James Bartlett have moved into the Wiley homestead above Skillings'.

Miss May Baker and friend, Mr. Gerrish, of Portland, were guests at J. H. Barrows' Sunday.

Mrs. Fred Spaulding and two children of Lancaster, N. H., are visiting at E. E. Whitney's.

Mrs. H. C. Andrews spent a few days with her sister, Mrs. Nellie De-coster of Buckfield, last week.

Mr. Edwin LaF. Harvey went to New York last week, where he has a position on a prominent evening paper.

Master Ceylon Kimball of East Bethel is spending the week with his sister, Mrs. Norman Sanborn, at Songo Lake.

Mrs. G. L. Sturdivant and Miss Dorothea Sturdivant are the guests of Miss Ethel Thompson of Auburn at New Meadows.

Mrs. Geo. E. King, accompanied by her daughter and son, Carrie and Fred, went to Cupsuptic Monday to spend a couple of weeks with Mr. King who is located there.

Owing to severe throat trouble Miss Ada Richardson was obliged to give up her school at Randolph, N. H. Her sister, Neda Richardson, a Gould's Academy senior, completes the term for her.

A special train will leave Berlin, N. H., for Bethel at 5:30 p. m., July 12, to accommodate those who attend the circus on that date. Fare for round trip, including admission to circus, is \$1.45.

Rev. F. B. Schoonover the new pastor of the M. E. church has landed from Italy in New York and will arrive in town this week so as to occupy the pulpit next Sunday. All services will be held as usual and a good attendance is desired.

Mr. Joseph Holt who has been confined to the house for the past five weeks by falling out of a wagon, caused by a wheel coming off, is now able to resume his weekly trips to the Hill, with butter for his customers.

At the recent meeting of the Maine Pharmaceutical Association, A. W. Meserve, formerly of Bethel, was elected president, vice G. R. Wiley, who was selected to represent the State Association at the meeting of the National Association.

Mrs. E. E. Farwell of Rosindale, Mass., spent a part of last week with her children at the home of Mrs. A. M. Farwell. Mrs. Farwell has been spending some weeks in Fort Fairfield with Mr. Farwell's sister, Mrs. D. E. Edwards, who has accompanied her to Boston where she has gone for treatment.

During the severe storm, Sunday, lightning struck the house of Ed. Bell in West Bethel village, badly damaging the chimney. Mr. Cleve Bell who was in the house, was rendered unconscious by the shock, and is still in a very critical condition. Miss Mabel Scribner another member of the family was also affected, but not seriously.

Miss Lura Merrill is working for Mrs. D. C. Philbrook.

Our music store on lower Main street has been closed.

Mr. Earl Moffatt has employment with C. C. Bryant & Son.

Miss Lulu Bryant has recovered from a recent severe illness.

Frank Mason spent Sunday at his old home, with his mother.

Edgar Coolidge and wife dined with his grand parents Thursday.

Little Miss Sybil Coolidge has been visiting her great grandparents.

H. A. Packard worked for his sister, Mrs. Ellen Kimball, the past week.

Harry Churchill spent a week at Mechanic Falls, recently, visiting relatives.

Read Maxim's ad on page 4 if you are idle and want pleasant employment.

Mr. Orrin Ellingwood has bought a farm at Welchville, and will soon move there.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Bryant were in Lewiston Tuesday to attend Ringling's circus.

Ruby Perkins is spending the week in Newry with her sister, Mrs. Walter Foster.

The Ladies' Club will meet with Mrs. F. B. Tuell Thursday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

Mrs. Erian Dutton and daughter, Dorris Davis, spent part of last week in South Paris.

Mrs. Wilfred Bowler of Bridgton has been spending a few days with friends in the village.

Mrs. Ada Wight is cooking at Prospect Hotel. Her son Walter has charge of the stable.

Mrs. J. F. Coolidge and son Ara spent a part of last week, including the Fourth, at Songo Lake.

Maxim, the leading small fruit grower of Oxford County, wants berry pickers. Read his ad.

A social dance is to be given at Eames Hall, North Newry, July 15. Ice cream and cake will be served.

The ladies of the M. E. society will hold an ice cream sale on the church lawn Saturday evening, July 15.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bartlett have moved from the Bisbee rent recently purchased by Mr. Winslow of Portland.

The M. E. parsonage is being thoroughly renovated and repaired. The new pastor will arrive this week.

Frank Russell and family are nicely settled in their new home at Middle Intervale, on the Ben Kimball farm.

Mr. and Mrs. George Luxton of West Bethel have moved into the Edwards Homestead on Vernon street.

The Bethel Creamery Co., is now prepared to furnish to customers, good thick sweet cream in large or small quantities.

Mr. Channing Grover and family, who have been guests of relatives in town the past two weeks, returned to Augusta Saturday.

Rev. and Mrs. Webster Woodbury of South Framingham Mass., are guests at Mr. J. U. Purington's but will return to their home Friday.

At a dance given at Mountain View pavilion, South Bethel, recently, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Spearin won the prizes for best waltzers in a prize contest held at the close of the dance. Mr. Spearin received a pocketbook valued at \$3.00, and Mrs. Spearin a fan of the same market value.

While sorting the mail, this morning, the postmaster found a letter addressed:

D R Burkhardt.
Stock Poultry Remedy
The Greatest
discovery of
the age

If the writer will inform Mr. Billings of the location of this wonderful discovery, he will be pleased to forward the letter.

BUSINESS POINTERS.

Business Readers will be published in this column at eight cents per line, reckoning even words to the line.

I saw it among the Business Pointers.

Two sizes, three different Hiawatha pictures in imitation birchbark frames with glass, only 25 and 40 cents at King's.

Souvenir Stationery at King's, 4 views, 25 cents.

Call at King's and see his line of fancy fans, 15 cents to \$1.35.

No further trouble about cream not "whipping," if you get it at the Creamery.

Pasteurized cream, whole milk and skim milk at the creamery.

Make no engagements for July 19, except for Odeon Hall.

Misses Frances and Mollie Carter were in Portland Saturday.

C. K. Fox has purchased the Abial Chandler place on Mason street.

The W. C. T. U. met Tuesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. O. M. Mason.

Mr. Albert Eames of Foxboro, Mass., was at the home of his father W. R. Eames, last week.

Mrs. D. R. Hastings of Fryeburg and grandson, Hugh Hastings, are visiting relatives in town.

Miss Fannie Carter of Halifax, N. S., is spending her vacation in Bethel with her mother and sisters.

A jolly, snappy farce by acknowledged artists will be a feature of the entertainment next Wednesday night.

Mrs. Norman Gehring and little daughters are visiting Mrs. Gehring's parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Wiley.

Mr. and Mrs. John V. Holt and little son are visiting Mrs. Holt's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. U. Purington.

Harold Hastings and wife of Dorchester, Mass., are visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Hastings.

Mrs. Nora Marsden of Philadelphia and Mr. Morton G. Burbank of Bensonhurst, N. Y., are visiting their mother, Mrs. Ellen M. Burbank.

You can buy a dollar's worth of fun for 35 cts. at G. R. Wiley's after Monday morning, same to be delivered in Odeon Hall, July 19, after 8 p. m.

Ernest Buck who received a serious injury to one hand from the premature explosion of a cannon cracker the Fourth is getting along nicely and it is thought will suffer no permanent result.

The hotel firm of Schafer & Green has dissolved partnership, the latter taking over the entire Prospect Hotel property, which he will manage personally, and with the changes he has made, we are sure he will successfully conduct the first class business which he purposes doing.

Mr. Ralph Sherwood, a student who preaches at Middle Intervale during the summer months, began a series of services at East Bethel last Sunday and will continue during his stay here. The next service is Sunday the 16th, at 3 o'clock. All are cordially invited.

Children's Day was observed at the Universalist church by an excellent sermon especially prepared for and delivered to them by the pastor, in the morning. The decorations were very beautiful and tastefully arranged. In the evening one of the very best children's concerts ever given in the church, pleased a large audience. Every helper may well be proud of this success.

A Good Time Coming.

There is to be an entertainment at Odeon Hall Wednesday evening July 19, when artists from New York, Nova Scotia, Boston, Bangor, Orono, Bar Mills and Bethel will unite to make the evening pleasant.

A social hop will follow the entertainment. Cake and ice cream will be served.

Look out for posters. Secure your tickets at Wiley's at the usual prices.

FOR THE VISITOR

To take home as a Souvenir, or as a gift for some absent friend. My line of Souvenirs offers many articles, to suit different tastes, ages, and pocketbooks. While it would be difficult to embrace them all in a list in an advertisement of this size, the following will give some idea of the variety of my stock:

Burnt Leather Pocketbooks, Purses, Card Cases, Post Card, and Photo Albums, Pillow Covers, Table Covers, Jewel Boxes, Pen Wipers, etc.; Turned Wood, Clocks, Trays, Pails, Drinking Cups, Smoking Sets, Match Boxes, Steins, etc.; Birch-bark Boxes and Picture Frames;

Views and Post Cards. Glass Paper Weights with any view or picture, 25 cents.

Edward King,

JEWELER AND OPTICIAN,

BETHEL,

MAINE.

While They Last.

Misses Tan Hose, marked from 25 cents to 19 cents.
One Lot Ladies' Fancy Hose, 15 cents.
Ladies' and Misses' Lisle Gloves, 10 cts., 15 cts. and 25 cts.
Packages, odd lots of Yarn, 10 cts. and 25 cts.
Silk Pieces for Fancy Work, 15 cents per package.

L. M. STEARNS,

Main Street, Bethel, Maine.

Fourth of July Celebration.

Tuesday, July the Fourth, witnessed a large gathering of people in the Branch Grove at North Newry, to attend the picnic given by the people of that place. At twelve o'clock the ringing of the church bell announced the dinner hour, and the company gathered about the well filled tables. After dinner, an ice cream sale was carried on. The money realized from the sale amounted to \$10.50. It will be used to help defray the expense of the summer preaching. During the afternoon the following program was carried out:

Singing—America.
Singing—Independence Bell.
Recitation, Grace Eagle
Singing—Star Spangled Banner.
Reading, Miss Carrie Wight
Recitation, Marcella Bennett
Recitation, Edith Thurston
Singing—Morning Serenade.
Solo, Mr. H. F. Thurston
Solo, Gordon Allen
Singing—Sailing On the Sea.
Remarks by Mr. Levitt C. Shurburne of Tafts College Divinity School.
Recitation, Mabel Bailey
Recitation, Bertina Bailey

Three Good and Just Reasons.

There are three reasons why mothers prefer One Minute Cough Cure: First, It is absolutely harmless; Second, It tastes good—children love it; Third, It cures Coughs, Croup and Whooping Cough when other remedies fail. Sold by G. R. Wiley.

DW

For Sale.

My stand—House, Stable, and one acre of land—on High street, opposite Brick School. City water, orchard, etc. Will sell on easy terms.

A. M. FARWELL,
Bethel, Me.

Just Received !!!

NEW LINE OF Picture Mouldings

I am now prepared to take orders for ALL KINDS OF FRAMES. All the latest Spring Styles at, Reasonable Prices; also have on hand the samples formerly carried by Miss L. C. Hall.

E. C. Vandenkerckhoven,

Main Street.

BETHEL, MAINE.

I have just Opened my

MUSIC ROOMS

In the Dana Philbrook Building, foot of Main St., Bethel, where I shall carry a full and complete line of

EDISON'S

PHONOGRAPHS,

RECORDS, BLANKS,

HORNS and SUPPLIES

Also a full line of

SHEET MUSIC.

Please give me a call, you are welcome.

W. H. Winchester, Prop.,

BETHEL, MAINE.

Headquarters,

58 Main St., Berlin, N. H.

BUSINESS CARDS.

HERRICK & PARK,
Attorneys at Law,
BETHEL, ME.

H. H. MASHINGS,
Attorney-at-Law,
Frye office. Bethel, Me.

LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE.
DR. GARDINER L. STURDIVANT,
Physician & Surgeon,
Office in Residence (opposite Odeon Hall) BETHEL.

Long Distance Telephone.
DR. I. H. WIGHT,
Physician and Surgeon,
Office in Residence at Bethel, Maine.
Wormell Stand.

J. WALDO NASH,
Licensed Taxidermist,
NORWAY, MAINE.
Telephone Connection.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

Lewis & Clark Exposition

AT PORTLAND, OREGON.

June 1st to October 15, 1905.
Fare from Bethel \$76.50
Fare from Bethel via San Francisco \$87.50

All tickets good for 90 days.

Time Table in Effect June 12, 1905.

TRAINS GOING EAST.			
	A. M.	P. M.	
Island Pond, leave,	1:20	8:30	12:55
Gorham,	3:21	8:30	2:50
Gilead,	3:45	8:40	3:10
West Bethel,	3:57	8:50	3:18
BETHEL, arrive,	4:05	9:00	3:28
Locke Mills,	4:22	9:10	3:37
Bryant Pond,	4:22	9:18	3:43
South Paris,	4:51	9:44	4:04
Lewiston,	5:30	10:45	4:55
Portland, arrive,	6:40	11:30	5:50
Boston, via rail,	12:45	4:10	
Boston, via boat,			3:00

TRAINS GOING WEST.			
	A. M.	P. M.	
Portland, leave,	3:15	1:30	8:30
Lewiston,	9:00	2:25	9:38
South Paris,	10:07	3:22	10:15
Bryant Pond,	10:34	4:02	10:45
Locke Mills,	10:41	4:12	10:53
BETHEL, arrive,	10:50	4:25	11:03
West Bethel,	10:57	4:35	11:10
Gilead,	11:07	4:51	11:22
Gorham,	11:30	5:40	11:50
Island Pond,	1:30	7:50	2:10
Montreal,	6:50	8:45	6:45
Toronto,	7:55	4:40	
Chicago,	9:10	7:42	

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS.

Excursion to Gorham and Berlin begin June 4th and run each Sunday till Oct. 2, fare 45cts. round trip. Train leaves Bethel at 11:12 a. m. Returning leaves Berlin at 4 p. m. arriving in Bethel at 5:05.

Pullman Sleeping Cars.

Commencing June 18th, Grand Trunk will operate through sleeping cars between Chicago and Portland.

Leave Portland at 8:30 p. m. daily.

Leave Chicago at 3:02 p. m. daily.

Commencing June 25th, Pullman sleeping cars will run between Montreal and Old Orchard.

Leave Montreal at 8:01 p. m. daily.

Leave Old Orchard at 8:00 p. m. daily.

Pullman Parlor Car Service.

Beginning June 26th, Parlor Cars will be run between Montreal and Old Orchard as follows:

Leave Montreal at 8:00 a. m. daily.

Leave Old Orchard at 7:50 a. m. daily.

Beginning June 10th, Pullman Parlor Cars will run between Boston and Berlin.

Leave Boston 9:00 a. m. week days.

Arrive Berlin 5:57 p. m. week days.

Leave Berlin 8:05 a. m. week days.

Arrive Boston 5:00 p. m. week days.

J. H. O'CONNOR, Agent.

The E. A. STROUT
FARM AGENCY,
Sold 289 Farms in Maine
last year, and sales are being made every day. If you have farm property or any real estate for sale, let us hear from you. The agency is handled in this section by
E. C. BOWLER, of Bethel, Me.

LADIES
—Dr. LaFrance's—
Compound Olive Oil
Safe, Quick, Reliable Regulator
Superior to other remedies sold at high prices.
Gives guaranteed. Successfully used by over 200,000 Women. Price, 25 Cents. Drugs, or by mail. Testimonials and booklet free.
Dr. LaFrance, Philadelphia, Pa.

"Why am I like a pin?" asked Mr. Jones triumphantly of his wife. He expected she was going to say "Because you are so sharp," and he was simply paralyzed when she replied, "Because if you should get lost it wouldn't be worth while to spend time looking for you."

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR
Cures Croup Prevents Pneumonia

OUT OF THE PAST.

Every fact has two faces. The face, that is the world's opinion of it, that is the false face, and that which the persons concerned know, that is the real face.—From Gordyeff.

"It's a matter of a few hours with Chandler. I saw him this morning," said Harry Carston, meeting Arthur Gilmer at the club.

"M-m-h!" said Gilmer, with masculine expressiveness.

"Yes. The poor devil is past speech now. The last words he spoke but one, were a jest. He laughed in the face of death and said: 'Well, I've had my fling. I guess we're about even. Life is a joke.' It's gratifying to see a man die game."

Gilmer smoked affirmatively, then reflectively. At last, his cigar having burned out, he said: "What was the last word?"

"Mrs. Cryder's?"

"Heavens, no! He tore up her card and threw it at his valet."

"Any reason why I shouldn't know who 'tis'?"

"None at all. By gad! There she goes now. Come to the window."

Gilmer saw a tall woman wrapped in dark furs speeding past in a sleigh. Her fine, firm profile silhouetted against the late afternoon dusk, might have been deemed a shade too strong had not the roundness and childish frankness of her gray eyes and the archly smiling red lips depreciated the charge. She was chatting gaily with a quiet, ordinary man beside her.

"Miss Grayling," said Gilmer.

"Mrs. John Armstrong now," corrected Carston. "They were married while you were in Europe. He is a Virginian."

"Rich?" asked reflectively and monosyllabic Gilmer.

"Only moderately. He hasn't half her fortune."

"Clever?"

"Not at all."

"Why did she do it?"

"It was in pique, after a quarrel with Chandler."

"She doesn't look as though she regrets Chandler."

"No, they are very happy."

"And Chandler?"

"Oh, he went the pace for a year and pretended to be getting a lot out of life. As a matter of fact, though, I think it killed Chandler."

John Armstrong helped his wife take off her furs. A card lay on the mantel. "Millington here from Richmond!" he exclaimed. "And at suite D. He's here on that railroad deal. I think I'd better run over to see him at once."

"I know, you grasping man that you are, chaffing to get some poor corporation's money. So run along, but don't be gone long, will you, dear?"

"No longer than I can help, you know."

"I know," and the man and woman looked at each other with an expression rare in human eyes, that of perfect understanding.

The door closed behind him and she carried the evening paper to the window where she might read it by the last glow of the winter sunset.

"Sad Death of a Popular Clubman and Bon Vivant," she read, suppressing a yawn. I wonder who it is. The cold has made me drowsy. "Edward Chandler Dies Alone!" Ah!

"If it were possible for a golf girl to get tired I should say I were almost tired tonight," she was saying, smiling brightly. "It is well it is you who are so delightfully entertaining and—anything—who survives that crush. If you were a bore I think I should faint. When we are married I think I shall have just two 'at homes' a month. You know there are about two congenial persons out of one hundred we meet. Fifty are mitigated bores, and the other forty-eight are—well—antagonisms. One of the antagonisms followed me about and was dreadfully insistent."

"A male or female antagonism?" asked the man jealously.

"Female, you silly! Mrs. Cryder. Do you know her well?"

"Rather," he said, indistinctly.

"I beg your pardon."

"Yes, I believe I do."

The man was silent. He waited while the bijou mantel clock struck six. He looked at the girl's white gown, and fidgeted with the gauze ribbon that had fallen across the arm of the tete-a-tete.

The girl's clear eyes looked her surprise and demanded an answer.

"I know her husband. I was their guest at Southampton at several house parties. That was several years ago."

"How many?"

"Perhaps four. I met them long before your time, dear." He looked into her steady eyes with affection and with a slight deprecation.

"Mrs. Cryder was particularly anxious to know when we met. She purred loud in her anxiety," the girl continued. "I told her it was in the summer of '98, at Newport, just after I left school. She seemed a little taken back, and I saw she was making some sort of calculation. Then she asked if we had been engaged long before the announcement was made. I was going to say 'nearly a year. Mother did not want it announced till our mourning for papa was over.' But she was in such a flutter over it that I said instead, 'I didn't know you were in the employ of the newspapers, Mrs. Cryder.'"

"You polished her off well," the

man said feebly. Then with something like anger, "I would have nothing more to do with her if I were you."

"Why?"

"Please tell me about it, Ned; every bit. There must be no secrets between the engaged, you know."

The man was a fool?

When the recital was finished and he dared to look into her face he exclaimed at the change in it. She had grown old in a quarter of an hour. Her lips, habitually curving into smiles or laughter, had taken on the straight, unlovely line of resolution. Her eyes were averted. She arose.

"I am very tired. You must excuse me now."

"Eleanor," the man faltered. He put out his hand as though for support, but he dared not touch the straight young figure in white.

"I told you because I wanted to allay your suspicions. You are so clever. It was really nothing, as the world goes. And you have changed all that forever."

"It is the time that concerns me," she said with an abrupt little laugh. "Like Mrs. Cryder, I find dates absorbing."

"You will not be quixotic, dearest," he said beseechingly. "You will be your just, generous self in this."

"Yes," she promised, giving him her hand and turning her cheek for his kiss.

Edward Chandler ran up the steps of the old-fashioned home on lower Fifth avenue with the eagerness of a boy. He rang the bell twice impetuously, and old Brown, the butler, smiled indulgent welcome.

"I know your ring, sir," he said. "Miss Grayling is waiting for you in the library."

"She is giving me a minute of blessed privacy, dear girl," he thought. I knew I could depend upon her sense of justice." Old Brown smiled as he hurried to the library.

"No, please," she said, putting out her hand to prevent his embrace. "I have something to tell you. Take your favorite chair. You must be cold. How raw the weather is!"

"Did you get my letters while you were in Virginia? I wrote every day of the month you were gone, and have not heard a line from you."

"Yes."

"Eleanor," he pleaded.

"Yes, I shall tell you at once," she said steadily. "I went away because I wanted to escape mamma and her arguments."

"I wanted to think about it alone, to let my decision be an unbiased one. I never cared about that part of your life before we met, and even before we loved each other." She frowned slightly at this trap that memory had set for her voice and went steadily on. "But there are, beliefs, needs, I might call them, that are fundamental. You have yours and I have mine; they are no less indispensable because they are different."

"Don't idealize, Eleanor. Come back to earth and to me. You may trust me."

"Possibly," she said, gazing into the fire, "but I cannot forget. You may minimize the intrigue with Mrs. Cryder as you like. Suppose it had lasted but five minutes. It continued after you say you loved me."

"I did love you," almost shouted Chandler. "You knew the circumstances. You know that woman."

"Never blame a woman for your vacillation." The girl's lips curled slightly, her nostrils dilated. "The intrigue continued. I care not how long or short a time. And this was while I was thinking of you with all a girl's first romance and idealism."

"Forgive me, Eleanor!" There was no mistaking the love in the man's eyes, and the girl looked away from it and out upon the stream of equipages on the avenue.

"Forgive you? I could, and I do. But don't you realize that I could not forget? Don't you know that she would walk beside us, if not between us, in silence?"

"Fudge!" said Chandler weakly and irritably. "I love you. Isn't that enough?"

"You didn't love me enough at the beginning to be literally true to me. That is a small thing to you, perhaps. It has stopped the flow of my affection for you forever."

"You are too proud to ever be happy," the man flung at her miserably. "My husband should be my king," the girl returned rising, "but I shall be his queen. I shall have dominion over that part of his life which I have entered."

"I will wait as long as you like. That foolish incident will fade from your life."

The woman who had been upon the heights became a girl as usual again. "I—please consider me your friend," she said while she looked abstractedly at the portieres.

John Armstrong, indisputably plain, unquestionably self-conscious, pushed them aside and entered. The same look was in his eyes that was in Chandler's, except for its misery.

"Au revoir, Miss Grayling," said Chandler.

"Goodbye," said Miss Grayling. "I am so glad to see you again, Mr. Armstrong."

"Alone in the dark, dear," exclaimed Armstrong. "I am sorry I was gone so long. I had to tear myself away from Middleton as it was."

"Never mind. I was sitting here thinking how happy we are, and I didn't notice it had grown dark. And, John! Let us go home as soon as we can. I am homesick for the big white pillars on the veranda, and the Jerseys, and the darkies, and the dogs, and, John—with a catch in her voice—for old-fashioned loyalty and truth."

man said feebly. Then with something like anger, "I would have nothing more to do with her if I were you."

"Why?"

"Please tell me about it, Ned; every bit. There must be no secrets between the engaged, you know."

The man was a fool?

When the recital was finished and he dared to look into her face he exclaimed at the change in it. She had grown old in a quarter of an hour. Her lips, habitually curving into smiles or laughter, had taken on the straight, unlovely line of resolution. Her eyes were averted. She arose.

"I am very tired. You must excuse me now."

"Eleanor," the man faltered. He put out his hand as though for support, but he dared not touch the straight young figure in white.

"I told you because I wanted to allay your suspicions. You are so clever. It was really nothing, as the world goes. And you have changed all that forever."

"It is the time that concerns me," she said with an abrupt little laugh. "Like Mrs. Cryder, I find dates absorbing."

"You will not be quixotic, dearest," he said beseechingly. "You will be your just, generous self in this."

"Yes," she promised, giving him her hand and turning her cheek for his kiss.

Edward Chandler ran up the steps of the old-fashioned home on lower Fifth avenue with the eagerness of a boy. He rang the bell twice impetuously, and old Brown, the butler, smiled indulgent welcome.

"I know your ring, sir," he said. "Miss Grayling is waiting for you in the library."

"She is giving me a minute of blessed privacy, dear girl," he thought. I knew I could depend upon her sense of justice." Old Brown smiled as he hurried to the library.

"No, please," she said, putting out her hand to prevent his embrace. "I have something to tell you. Take your favorite chair. You must be cold. How raw the weather is!"

"Did you get my letters while you were in Virginia? I wrote every day of the month you were gone, and have not heard a line from you."

"Yes."

"Eleanor," he pleaded.

"Yes, I shall tell you at once," she said steadily. "I went away because I wanted to escape mamma and her arguments."

"I wanted to think about it alone, to let my decision be an unbiased one. I never cared about that part of your life before we met, and even before we loved each other." She frowned slightly at this trap that memory had set for her voice and went steadily on. "But there are, beliefs, needs, I might call them, that are fundamental. You have yours and I have mine; they are no less indispensable because they are different."

"Don't idealize, Eleanor. Come back to earth and to me. You may trust me."

"Possibly," she said, gazing into the fire, "but I cannot forget. You may minimize the intrigue with Mrs. Cryder as you like. Suppose it had lasted but five minutes. It continued after you say you loved me."

"I did love you," almost shouted Chandler. "You knew the circumstances. You know that woman."

"Never blame a woman for your vacillation." The girl's lips curled slightly, her nostrils dilated. "The intrigue continued. I care not how long or short a time. And this was while I was thinking of you with all a girl's first romance and idealism."

"Forgive me, Eleanor!" There was no mistaking the love in the man's eyes, and the girl looked away from it and out upon the stream of equipages on the avenue.

"Forgive you? I could, and I do. But don't you realize that I could not forget? Don't you know that she would walk beside us, if not between us, in silence?"

"Fudge!" said Chandler weakly and irritably. "I love you. Isn't that enough?"

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A FREAK OF DESTINY.

A tall, narrow, prosperous appearing man with a well-defined scowl was left by the express flyer at Noonah station, and as he waited, valise in hand, he looked about him with the air of one who was not altogether a stranger. Observing a public conveyance he beckoned as one accustomed to being obeyed to the man in charge, and manifested no surprise when that individual took his own time to respond. Noonah people were slow and independent, and the newcomer had not forgotten that fact.

"You don't seem in any hurry to get a fare," he said, peevishly, as he stepped into the vehicle.

"You didn't expect maybe that I wuz a-goin' to drive up on the platform, now did ye?" drawled the driver, "where might ye be wantin' to stop at?"

"Take me to the best hotel."

"All right. I'll take ye to the Columbus. Git up, Jinny, git up, Jack. Say, ef ye hev enny baggidge the express wagon will fetch it up."

At the hotel—a fine new building—the landlord advanced with a flourishing air of proprietorship to address a stranger, then started, and welcomed his guest by both hands.

"Mr. Arnold!" he said, effusively, "I knew you as soon as I laid eyes on you! And—let me see—it's ten years to a day since you left Noonah."

"How do, Ransom, how-do?" the guest spoke fretfully and coldly. "Time hasn't stood still with either of us. You know I live in Washington now."

"Yes, sir; yes, Mr. Arnold and you've done us proud there. Why, sir, you got us an appropriation for a new postoffice to be built in the near future—I hope to live till I get my letters there. Yes, sir, Congressman, Senator—and now—"

"I'm not in office now, Ransom. My private interests demand all my attention. Besides, you know, I am alone in the world—neither wife nor child."

"Ah, yes, sir, I've heard. She was a fine woman, Mrs. Arnold was, and very handsome, too—if you'll excuse me for saying it

ORIA
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You Have
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Medicine.
be useful medicin-
acid of the sting,
be, will counter-
ric acid, and stop

Cures Grip
In Two Days.
on every
box. 25c.

Seven Doctors Failed
"L. F." Relieved Him

Wetopitlock, Me., Dec. 25, 1903.
Dear Sirs:—
I feel it my duty to write you and tell you that I think a great deal of "L. F." Atwood's Bitters, as I was taken sick six years ago and was treated by seven different doctors. Was also at the Eastern Maine General Hospital, at Bangor, and they told me I had a cancer in my stomach.
I did not work a day for three years, and now, after using "L. F." can do a hard day's work.
Yours truly,
WILLIAM SCOTT.
"L. F." is a natural Blood Purifier. Brings relief at all seasons of the year. The True "L. F." Atwood's Bitters, 35 cents at all good stores.

FOR SALE.
Shelburne Spring
House,
Shelburne, N. H.

The house is near Depot, Post Office and Telegraph Office. In good situation to accommodate White Mountain Tourists. Families and Parties wishing a quiet, pleasant place to spend their vacation will find this all they desire. It is surrounded with beautiful mountain scenery at the base of Mount Winthrop within easy access of groups of the White Mountains.
From Mount Winthrop you get a beautiful view of the valley of the big Androscoggin River shedding its silver light far into the Wilds of Maine. Then, turning your eye, you look upon Mounts Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Madison, and many smaller mountains which skirt the valley below. There are hundreds of views which attract and charm the eye of the Tourist. The streams abound with fish and the forest with game.
A good livery connected with the house. The ride from Boston to Shelburne is delightful, passing through one of the most beautiful and charming sections in New England.
House newly furnished, rooms large and airy. Connecting rooms if wanted. Large farm in connection with house from which tables are supplied; also fruit and berries of all kinds.

SHELBURN SPRING.
From which the house takes its name, comes out of mountain about one thousand feet above the house. The water was analyzed the past year by Prof. Frank L. Bartlett, State Assayer of Maine, who pronounced it a wonderful spring of water; he says in conclusion, in his analysis, "The value of this water consists in its most remarkable purity, being almost as pure as distilled water."
This is one of the most desirable pieces of hotel property in New England, and can be had at a reasonable price, and on easy terms.
Address,
E. C. BOWLER, Bethel, Me.

Pine State
Custom Shoes

For men and women, \$3.50. Best shoe made in Maine. Also Pillsbury-Howe shoe for children. I also have a good stock of Rubbers, Leggings, Moccasins, etc.

Repairing Done well and Promptly.
E. E. RANDALL,
MAIN ST., BETHEL.

I DO NOT KEEP THE
ONLY GROCERY
IN BETHEL.
But I have a complete stock of
Groceries, Confectionery,
FRUIT, NUTS, TOBACCO
AND CIGARS.

If you don't see what
you want, ask for it.
R. E. L. Farwell, Bethel, Me.

PARKER'S
HAIR BALM
Glares and beautifies the hair.
Promotes a luxuriant growth.
Never fails to Restore Gray
Hair to the youthful color.
Cures scalp disease & hair falling.
Use and price at Drugists.

E. E. WHITNEY & Co.
BETHEL, ME.
Marble & Granite
Workers.

Chaste Designs.
First-Class workmanship.
Letters of inquiry promptly
answered. See our work.
Get our prices.
Satisfaction Guaranteed.
E. E. WHITNEY & CO.

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR
For children's cough, croup. No opiates

WIT AND WISDOM.

There is only one thing that is said to be worse than being called upon unexpectedly to make an after dinner speech. That is to prepare an after dinner speech and not be asked to deliver it.

A boon to travelers: Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. Cures dysentery, diarrhoea, seasickness, nausea. Pleasant to take. Perfectly harmless.

Congressman Livingston of Georgia tells this story of his boy George. "One day I said to him, 'Mamma says you've been very naughty to-day, sir. What's the matter?' 'Pop,' he replied seriously, 'I think ma's prejudiced against me. Yesterday she told Aunt Sarah I was just the image of you.'"

When bilious take Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. For Sale by G. R. Wiley, Bethel; H. W. Dennison, West Bethel; E. L. Tebbets, Locke Mills; J. W. Bennett, Gilead.

Pop—When I was a boy I used to go to bed with the chickens.
Tommy—Did the chickens used to sleep in the house or did you go out to the coop, pop?

Ten thousand demons gnawing away at one's vitals couldn't be much worse than the tortures of itching piles. Yet there's a cure. Doan's Ointment never fails.

"I think I never saw Rymer so utterly crushed as he was when his first poem appeared in print."
"What was the matter? Some typographical error in the poem?"
"No, that wasn't it. What crushed him was that the paper was sold for a penny a copy, just as usual."

A wheelman's tool bag isn't complete without a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil. Heals cuts, bruises, stings, sprains. Monarch over pain.

There's just two things that break up most happy homes," observed the Pothick philosopher.
"What's them?" inquired the Squeadunk ignoramus.
"Woman's love for dry goods 'an man's love fer wet goods, b'gosh!"

Beautify your complexion with little cost. If you wish a smooth clear, cream like complexion rosy cheeks, laughing eyes, take Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea, greatest beautifier known. 35 cents.
G. R. WILEY.

A western congressman says that while he and certain friends were studying the bill of fare in a hotel on the New Jersey coast a mosquito alighted on the card. It instantly lost its life by a quick blow from the man holding the card, its little carcass remaining on the bill. With a smile the man pointed to the remains and said to the waiter:
"Do you serve these on toast here?"
"They're on the bill, sir!" was the witty retort of the waiter.

To Cure A Cold In One Day.
Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure.
E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c. 1y

Not a cent wanted unless you are cured. If you are sick and ailing, take Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. A great blessing to the human family. Makes you well—keeps you well. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets.
G. R. WILEY.

Lawyer—How old are you, miss?
Elderly Female—I am—I am—I am—
Lawyer—Better hurry up; every moment makes it worse!

Women love a clear healthy complexion. Pure blood makes it. Burdock Blood Bitters makes pure blood.

DR. KENNEDY'S
FAVORITE
REMEDY

Pleasant to Take,
Powerful to Cure,
And Every-
where in Every Home.

KIDNEY AND LIVER CURE

Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is adapted to all ages and both sexes, affording permanent relief in all cases caused by impurity of the blood, such as Kidney, Bladder and Liver Complaints; cures Constipation and Weakness peculiar to women.
It gives successful results in cases where all other medicines have failed. No sufferer should despair as long as this remedy is untried. It has an unbroken record of success for over 30 years, and has won hosts of warm friends.
Are you suffering from any disease traceable to the causes mentioned? If so, Dr. Kennedy has staked his personal and professional reputation on the statement that Favorite Remedy will do you good.
Send for a free trial bottle and booklet containing valuable medical advice on the treatment of various diseases. Write also for an "Easy Test" for finding out if you have kidney disease. Address Dr. David Kennedy's Sons, Rondout, N. Y.
REMEMBER, the full name is Dr. David Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY, made at Rondout, N. Y., and the price is \$1.00 (six bottles \$5.00) at all druggists in the United States, Canada and foreign countries.
For Sale by G. R. Wiley, Bethel, Maine.

SOUTH PARIS NEWS.

Local and Personal Items From Our Shire Town.

Ralph D. Berry of Salem, Mass., has been visiting relatives here.

Mrs. Lou Daugherty and nephew Gene Lowell are visiting relatives in Lewiston and Auburn.

Albert Dean, wife and daughter, Ida are visiting in Lynn, Mass.

Lucella Crockett is home from teaching in Maynard, Mass.

Miss Carrie Hubbard is a guest of her sister, Mrs. Geo. F. Eastman.

Sue Porter and Helen King are home from teaching in Portland.

Mrs. Earl Harlow and son Floyd are visiting in Boston.

Colonel Saunders, recent manager of Pine Tree Park, accompanied by Mrs. Saunders, left town abruptly Saturday afternoon. Strange to say he neglected to inform the vaudeville company of his departure.

Olive C. Swett is visiting her brother in Middleboro, Conn.

The Paris Mfg. Co. have shipped twenty-eight crates of stock for sledges to be used in the Arctic trip of Lieut. R. E. Peary.

The breaking of the rope transmission gear caused the Paris Mfg. Co. to shut down part of Wednesday and Thursday afternoons.

Mrs. T. S. Barnes and daughter Helen have gone to Peaks Island for the summer. Warren and Olive Barnes of Portland who have been visiting them, returned home Friday.

The Misses Lisbeth and Grace Murphy attended the celebration at Bryant Pond the Fourth.

The Diamond Cure.
The latest news from Paris, is that they have discovered a diamond cure for consumption. If you fear consumption or pneumonia, it will, however, be best for you to take that great remedy mentioned by W. T. McGee, of Vaeleer, Tenn. "I had a cough, for fourteen years. Nothing helped me, until I took Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, which gave me instant relief, and effected a permanent cure." Unequaled quick cure for Throat and Lung Troubles. At all drug stores; price 50c and \$1.00, guaranteed. Trial bottle free.

GILEAD.
Dr. Merrill and Mr. F. L. Folkins of Portland have been spending a few days at their camp, enjoying the fishing.
Thomas Kimball spent the Fourth at Albany.
Rev. T. D. Davis of Newfane, Vt., spent the Fourth here.
The schools taught by the Misses Murphy closed before the Fourth. The schools united in a picnic at Birch Grove, the last day.

A GUARANTEED CURE FOR PILES.
Itching, Blind; Bleeding or Protruding Piles. Druggists refund money if FAZO OINTMENT fails to cure any case, no matter how long standing, in 6 to 14 days. First application gives ease and rest. If your druggist hasn't it send 5c. in stamps and it will be forwarded postpaid by Paris Medicine Co., St. Louis, Mo.

CASTORIA.
The Kind You Have Always Bought

BETWEEN UPPER AND
NETHER MILLSTONES

By Ethel Watts Mumford.

"I wish you wouldn't," she said. "You don't seem to realize how dreadful it is."

Her tall son frowned. "Darn it all! What did Buck go to tell you for? I knew you'd make a fuss."

"Please, Jenny," she begged; "this man is a stranger to you. He's never done you any harm. Let the others bound him; you keep out of it, Jenny. My 'Taint' right, and I couldn't ever feel the same toward you if you had a hand in it."

"Now, see here," he said, desperately, "you can't understand it, I know, but the crowd wouldn't never forgive me if I didn't go in with them. Red Jack never did me a hurt nor won my money nor he never swiped none of my cattle. I ain't even laid eyes on him myself. But it's all the same; we settlers has got to stand by one another, and when the majority says there's a bad man to be shelled out of the community the bunch as a whole has to do it. If I hung back from my share of the row they'd never stand by me. 'Taint as if we was all at home in the East. You haven't learned the customs yet, but I tell you I've got to go."

She wrung her hands and tears gathered in her eyes.

"It's lynching, Jenny!"

"Yep, and if there wasn't lynching law there'd be no law. Mother, don't you take on. You've come out here and you've got to learn to stand our ways. I know it's hard on you, but you'll get used to it by and by."

"What'll they make you do, Jenny?"

"Oh, nothing much; put me on guard somewhere to keep a look out and see he don't get past and over the border into Mexico. They'll run a big circle and gradually draw him in. Then he'll probably step out to Mendez; he'll stuck on that half-breed girl. They'll have an extra watch there and pinch him. She's said she'd turn him over."

"She'd betray him?" The woman's wrinkled face went red with indignation.

"Sure, or Mendez couldn't run the Blue Devil. The crowd'd clean him out—b—n!" he said suddenly, realizing that his tongue had run away with him. "Don't you take on; guess it'll come out all right anyhow. He'll get across the line and there won't be any Fourth of July at all. There now. This ain't no place for you, mother, and I was a dinged fool to let yer come."

She recovered her self-control quickly. "No, Jenny; where my boy is is my place, too. There's nobody else in the world left to me—nobody but you; that's why I hate to see you doing ungodly things, and this is ungodly, Jenny, and no good'll come of it. I suppose you won't listen to your old mother. Children mostly think they know it all—"

"You don't understand," he interrupted, exasperated.

"No, I don't understand this sort of thing, thank God. I don't understand the killing of nary a living man."

"Well," he said, in the tone with which one humors a fretful child, "I'll just show up and let them think I'm solid with 'em, and then I'll slide out and drop the thing. There, now'll that do?"

She put her withered hand upon his broad shoulders and looked him square in the face. "You remember, Jenny," she said, slowly, "that your old mother is up here alone, for every man's left the place for this bloody work: all alone, remember, and she'll be a thinking of you here by the window, waiting for you to come back with your hands clean of man-killing. Don't forget now, boy!"

He turned his head quickly lest she read his intentions of desert. "Yes, mother," he nodded. Catching up his Winchester, he jammed his sombrero down and made for the door. "Back by sundown, I guess," he called back; "don't worry."

She watched him sling himself easily upon his bronco and canter swiftly off over the trail toward the river settlement. She sighed deeply. So this was the great Southwest; this the unfettered life that had infatuated Jenny, with its excitement, its bloody cowboy wars, its mad revels of cards and drink. Yet he was a good boy, she thought hastily, and the wild life had given him strength and a beauty all its own. She sighed again. Ah, that terrible inheritance of restless blood! From whence came it? She could not guess; yet it was there. There, indomitable. Where was runaway Teddy—little red-headed Twelve-year-old Teddy—craved with the tinsel of a circus ring so many years ago? Where was Grace? Gone, too. Married to a ship's captain in the West Indian trade, lured by some dream of tropic beauty, of waving palms and coral bars. She gazed out sadly at the strange landscape—gray-brown dust and gray-green cactus, wiry mesquite and tall, cottoned yucca. To the right, grass covered slopes of water fed lands, dotted with red and white cattle; near by, the corrals, and, far south, the blue mesas of Mexico sharp against the sky. Loneliness brooded with her—the majestic loneliness of vast spaces that brings with it the great peace of primitive, unchanging things. It could not soothe the longing that rose in her heart with the thought of her lost children.

She turned from the window, hoping to find forgetfulness in some homely task. The strangeness of her surroundings gripped her. What were these yellow mud walls, this heavy hand hewn furniture, the massive carved leather saddles astride the wooden pegs beside the door? This her home? Ah, no! The vivid picture of the old shingled house, the fringed

elms, the trim garden, lost to her now forever, brought stinging tears to her eyes. For a moment homesickness blinded all else to her. She tottered to the kitchen, her refuge in hours of trouble.

"No," she said aloud, as she took her checked apron from its hook, "no, I'm not sorry—I'm glad! If my Jenny will live out here, why, I'll live here, too. What's a house and a tree or so to one's very own child?"

The door behind her creaked. She turned quickly, looked into the barrel of a leveled revolver, and heard a stern voice order, "Be quiet! I'm dead beat, and I want grub, savvy?"

Her eyes traveled from the shining weapon pointed at her head to the man behind it. He was tall and handsome, with a square jaw, a grim mouth, a thin nose, with wide nostrils, and a pair of reckless eyes, shaded by a brown sombrero heavy with silver ornaments. From underneath the gorgeous Mexican hat strayed golden auburn hair, babyishly soft and fine. Slowly the woman's face fixed itself in a widening stare, questioning, terrified.

"Yes, I'm Red Jack," he went on, "but for all that, scaring women isn't my business. I won't hurt you, mother. Just give a poor hunted man a decent meal, will yer? You see, a measly, lantern jawed set of cusses are after me 'cause they didn't know how to play the national game." There was a wearied attempt at levity in his voice.

Her eyes looked into his. "Teddy?" she gasped. "Oh, little boy Teddy?" The man lowered his gun. "Well, I'll be hanged!"

The words drove home like a knife thrust.

"Oh, my God! they shan't hang yer, Teddy! Oh, run—run—they mustn't get yer! They're after yer; they are—go now, and you can make the border! Oh, to find you like this—and they a hunting of yer!"

With a sudden loving moment of his huge arms he folded the little old woman to his breast.

With sobs and tears she clung to him, murmuring his name between choking gasps.

"Go, you must go!" she repeated, while her withered hands clung to him even closer.

"No, I ain't goin'," he said softly, "not for a while, mother. No, you needn't tell me I gotter. I—I ain't seen yer fer years an' years, and I'm just dead beat."

The confession of his immediate need gave her strength, steadied her failing nerves. Swiftly she set before him the best she could provide, waiting to touch him with soft, caressing wonder. Huge, shy, awkward, he accepted her ministrations, a wistful yearning piercing his old reckless manner, making him only an overgrown boy again. She fluttered about him, panting with happiness in his recovery, trembling with agonized apprehension at his danger.

"And you'll never play in those dreadful places again, will you, Ted?" she begged for the hundredth time, and for the hundredth time he gave her his promise. "You'll get up into Mexico and take up a ranch and live quiet, won't you, Ted?"

"Yes, I will."

"And I'll come to yer, Jenny, don't need me here."

"I'll take care of yer mother."

"You got money here yer?"

He smiled whimsically, slapping at his heavy belt. "I rather guess that ain't no trouble."

"Ain't there nothing I can do to help?" she begged.

"Can I get a horse? I'll leave yer pony—she isn't safe for me; she's known."

"Yes, yes!" she quavered, all her terrors aroused now. "Yes, take Jenny's Pinto. He's in the corral back of the house—here's the saddle. Oh, Teddy! they're to draw a big circle, and they 'hink you're to run to Mendez—a girl—a woman there has promised to give you up!"

"What!" The tender, boyish look fled from his face, with every trace of color. He was on his feet, trembling with anger. "What's that—what's that you say?" she said, she'd give me up!" He seized her arm, stammering. "It's a lie! It's a lie!—say it's a lie!"

The tears poured down her cheeks. "It's true—as God sees me, it's true! Go across the border, Teddy—go straight. I'll make yer every day the little biscuits yer uster like so much!" The pathetic voice penetrated even his rage and pain. With a fierce shake of his shoulders he cast the thought of the other woman from him.

"Mother, if it wasn't for you I'd go straight there and I'd shoot the whole outfit, and be shot myself. But I ain't such a bad lot. Goodby—no, don't owe it to spare you what I can. I'll go." He turned to her again, all tenderness. "When I can make a place for you, you'll come, won't you? I ain't such a bad lot. Goodby—no, don't come out—I'll get the horse—watch from here, if trouble comes, shout!"

He was gone. She stood bewildered in the room, murmuring incoherent loving words. Mechanically she prayed for his safety. Soon even petitions died upon her lips. Crossing to the doorway she looked out anxiously as she heard him ride away. No sign of human occupation in all the wide horizon. She sealed herself in the narrow shade of the long red tiles—and waited. Hour after hour crept slowly by. The sun began to sink, the mesas turned to purple, the spiky cactus shone bronzed and fat. Long shadows crept behind the yucca. The green of the watered lands became intense, the air took on the vague freshness of coming evening. Twilight came.

"He must be safe now—he must be over the border," again and again she said it, as if to make it true by very force of desire. Slowly evening melted into night, bright and low the

great stars swung. Still she sat at the door, her hands clasped in her lap, straining her ears in the silence.
In the distance the thud of galloping horses. She rose, clutched the pillow for support. Closer and closer came the rhythmic beat—moving shapes bulked in the dark!
She threw open the door, letting the yellow lamplight stream across the sill, to lose itself in the blue intensity of the dark.
"What is it?" she quavered.
A man swung himself from the rear of a pony. "It's Buck Long, ma'am." He paused, shifting, uneasily. "You see, it's this way: Red Jack, he got off; an' that Mendez girl, she followed him; but—well, there was some sort of a mix up near the line—an'—an' picked your man putty-badly winged." Then they brought in Jenny—
New York World.

FOLEY'S
HONEY AND TAR

The original
LAXATIVE cough remedy.

The genuine
FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR
a Yellow package. Refuse substitutes.

Prepared only by
Foley & Company, Chicago.

For Sale by G. R. Wiley.

KILL THE COUGH
AND CURE THE LUNGS

WITH Dr. King's
New Discovery

FOR CONSUMPTION
COUGHS AND
COLD

Price
50c & \$1.00
Free Trial.
Sure and Quickest Cure for all
THROAT and LUNG TROU-
BLES, or MONEY BACK.

12,000
Farm Hunters

and more answered our extensive newspaper advertising last year.

If you want to sell, write today for our free farm description blanks.

We require no payment in advance.

We use our own money to advertise your property. We sell stores, mills, shops and hotels.

E. A. STROUT FARM AGENCY,
150 Nassau St., N.Y. Tremont Temple, BOSTON.

E. C. Bowler, Bethel, Maine.

Agent for Western Oregon.

PARLOR PRIDE
STOVE
POLISH

LIQUID—READY FOR INSTANT USE

A few drops of Parlor Pride Stove Polish gives the stove a brilliant lustre shine, making the stove fit for the parlor. No soiled hands—easy to apply—always ready. No water used (water used in paste polishes rusts the stove). No dried up paste remains after using a while. PARLOR PRIDE good to the last drop. Sold by all dealers, in Bethel by G. R. Wiley.

They Cure!
Harvard
Headache
Powders

Will be found to give immediate relief in all cases of Nervous, Neuralgia, and Sick Headache. 25 cents per box.—Prepared and Sold by

F. A. SHURTLEFF & CO
SOUTH PARIS, MAINE.

Mail orders promptly filled.

DESK GIVEN AWAY

With \$10 worth of our Soaps, Extracts, Spices, Tea, Coffee, Cocos, Toilet Goods and Standard Groceries. Send at once for our new big catalogue of 200 PREMIUMS.

HOME SUPPLY COMPANY,
Dep. U. Augusta, Me.

ON JUNE 28TH

THE

New England Telephone

& Telegraph Company's

Directory

Goes to press. Why should not

your name be included in this, the

most universal of all Directories?

The Bethel News

Published Wednesdays by the
News Publishing Company,
BETHEL, MAINE.

R. O. BOWLER, Editor.
Entered as Second-Class Mail Matter.

Subscriptions \$1.25 strictly in advance.
If not paid in advance \$1.50 will be charged.

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If you want to discontinue your paper, write to the publisher yourself, and don't leave it to the postmaster.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 12, 1905.

\$30,000 Fire at Passadumkeag.

The saw mill of Albert C. Page in Passadumkeag was burned Monday, and half the town was in imminent danger of destruction. The Page mill was equipped with new and modern machinery, and furnished employment to about sixty men.

Maine Press Association.

Thirty members of the Maine Press Association arrived in Rumford Falls, Monday night, for their annual excursion which will continue until next Saturday. The week will be spent among the Rangeley Lakes, the party going to Farmington Saturday and ending the trip.

New Secretary of State.

Official announcement was made last week that Elihu Root has been appointed Secretary of State, and is to take the oath of office in about ten days. When he takes active charge of the State Department he will give up entirely his extensive law practice.

Peace Conference at Portsmouth.

Mayor James Baxter of Portland received a message, Monday, saying that the peace conference by agreement of plenipotentiaries will be held at Portsmouth, N. H. The committee from Portland which was delegated to present the city's invitation to hold the sessions there, had started for Washington, and were notified on arrival at Boston that their mission was useless.

A BOOKLET OF 90 PAGES
Of Summer Resorts for 1905 Free
at the General Passenger Department,
Boston & Maine Railroad,
Boston, Mass.

"Where to go on my vacation." That is the question which usually gets around at this time of year. Well, you can go to the White Mountains in New Hampshire; to the Seashore resorts of Maine, along the beautiful North Shore of Massachusetts; to Lake Winnepesaukee, Lake Sunapee and hundreds of lake and inland country resorts in New Hampshire; to Vermont, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Central Massachusetts—in fact the real vacation country is reached by the Boston & Maine Railroad, and the beautiful illustrated "Resorts and Tours," which contain over 90 pages of hotels, resorts, illustrations and descriptive reading, enclosed in a delightful two-colored cover. All information regarding railroad rates, hotels, routes, etc., will be found here. This booklet will be mailed free upon receipt of address by the General Passenger Department, Boston & Maine Railroad, Boston.

Safeguard the Children.

Notwithstanding all that is done by boards of health and charitably inclined persons, the death rate among small children is very high during the hot weather of the summer months in the large cities. There is not probably one case of bowel complaint in a hundred, however, that could not be cured by the timely use of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhea Remedy.
For sale by G. R. Wiley, Bethel; H. W. Dennison, West Bethel; E. L. Tebbets, Locke Mills; J. W. Bennett, Gilead.

"Mankind is most terrible funny," said good old Aunt Arabella Wink.
"The fellow who speaks without thinking in."
Most gin'rally says what he thinks."

Ayer's

You can depend on Ayer's Hair Vigor to restore color to your gray hair, every time. Follow directions and it never fails to do this work. It stops

Hair Vigor

falling out of the hair, also. There's great satisfaction in knowing you are not going to be disappointed. Isn't that so?

"My hair faded until it was about white. It took just one bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor to restore it to its former dark, rich color. Your Hair Vigor certainly does what you claim for it."—A. M. BOGGS, Rockingham, N. H.

\$1.00 a bottle. All druggists. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

Fading Hair

STATE NEWS.

Rockland people are rejoicing over a prospective shirtwaist factory in that city which is expected to employ from 300 to 500 operatives.

A \$15,000 brick block is in the air at Stockton Springs, and the citizens of that enterprising town, hope it will soon be resting on a foundation of Maine granite.

It is said that the class history of President Roosevelt, who was an '80 Harvard man shows that Arthur Lee Hanscom, a farmer of South Eliot, was the only classmate from the State of Maine.

The appointment is announced of Professor George D. Chase, of Wesleyan University as professor of Latin at the University of Maine to succeed Prof. Karl P. Harrington, resigned; Prof. Chase graduated from Harvard in 1889.

At Wellesley in a graduating class of 204, the largest in its history were nine young ladies from this State, the places represented being Portland, Center Lovell, Belfast, Addison, Ellsworth, Castine and Mechanic Falls.

Philip Withington of Buckfield, while celebrating the Fourth had his hand injured so badly by the bursting of a gun barrel that it was necessary to remove it at the wrist. Mr. Withington is 23 years of age, married, and has one child.

Hon. A. C. T. King of South Paris who died suddenly of heart trouble, on June 29, was an honored and respected citizen of that community, having served the Republican party as representative to the legislature in 1895-6, and in 1899-1900 was one of the two senators from this county. Probably the connection in

According to the records at the office of the secretary of State, the number of automobiles which have been registered in the State now numbers 503. The number of motor cycles which have been registered, thus far, is 59, and the number of licenses granted to operators, 696.

Dr. Horatio Woodbury of South Paris died suddenly, Monday morning, of apoplexy. Dr. Woodbury was 53 years of age, and had practiced his profession in South Paris for over twenty years. He was a man of much public spirit, especially interested in educational matters, and the community has sustained a great loss in his death.

The Bangor auditorium has been let as a skating rink at a rent of \$1,800 a year. So the future of the Maine Music Festival would seem to be assured, with a good balance each year on the right side of the ledger. The greatest deficit in the Festival receipts any year yet has been only \$400, so that Director Chapman now can bring down New York artists by the dozen if he wants to, and still clear expenses, thanks to the revival of the roller skating craze.

There were 110,000,000 postal cards shipped from the mill at Rumford Falls during June.

The Portland Board of Trade says that the handsomest public monument in Maine will soon be erected in memory of Thomas B. Reed.

As a result of the annual readjustment, twenty-one Maine postmasters each get a \$100 increase in salary for the year, beginning Monday.

which Mr. King was best known, however, was as secretary and treasurer of the Oxford County Agricultural Society, which office he held continuously, with the exception of part of one year, from 1871 to 1903.

Biddeford Pool was visited by a cyclone Sunday afternoon, which demolished buildings, uprooted trees, broke glass, did other damage, and greatly terrified the residents during the short time it lasted.

President Roosevelt has refused a pardon for Granville W. Leighton, the defaulting teller of the National Trades Bank of Portland, who was sentenced to State prison four years ago for a term of six years.

A party of twenty-one boys is at Camp Oxford, Oxford. The boys are from 12 to 17 years of age, and came from a large number of States, one coming from as far west as Kansas City, and another as far south as Alabama.

The pills that act as a tonic, and not as a drastic purge, are DeWitt's Little Early Risers. They cure Headache, Constipation, Biliousness, etc. Early Risers are small, easy to take and easy to act—a safe pill. Mack Hamilton, hotel clerk at Valley City, N. D., says: "Two bottles of these Famous Little Pills cured me of chronic constipation." Good for either children or adults. W. H. Howell, Houston, Tex., says: "For years I have used Little Early Risers. Pills in my family. No better pill can be used for constipation, sick headache, etc., than these famous pills. Scores of testimonials prove their worth. Sold by G. R. Wiley, DW

KEEP AWAY THE FLIES.



Gunner—"People are always kicking about big hats in the theatre, but never in church."
Guy—"Well, they help to screen the sleepers in church."

Fat Indeed.
City Lawyer—"Do you country lawyers ever get any fat fees?"
Rural Lawyer—"I should say so. Why, just yesterday one of my clients settled his fee with a 50-pound hog. Guess that's fat enough."

Between Friends.
First Dear Girl—I have fully decided never to marry.
Second Dear Girl—What is the trouble—has your father lost all his money?—Chicago Daily News.

No man can look a savage dog in the face and accept the theory that hydrophobia is purely an imaginary disease.

The egotist is apt to develop a bad case of insomnia from trying awake for the purpose of thinking about himself.

When love sets the task the laborer never thinks of demanding shorter hours.

Thoroughly at Ease.
"You appear to take life pretty easy," said the housewife, as she mixed some sawdust with milk and palmated it off as breakfast food.

"Yes, indeed, mum," grinned Sandy Pikes, stretching out in the wheelbarrow. "De whole world is a 'cosy corner' wid me."

TRUE'S ELIXIR
The only safe, reliable, and effective remedy for all cases of indigestion, constipation, and other ailments of the digestive system. Sold by J. P. TRUE & CO., Auburn, Me.

CONTINUE

Those who are gaining flesh and strength by regular treatment with

Scott's Emulsion

should continue the treatment in hot weather, smaller dose and a little cool milk with it will do away with any objection which is attached to fatty food during the heated season.

Send for free sample. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 409-415 Pearl Street, New York. 50c. and \$1.00; all druggists.

Mount Washington Sold.

Mount Washington and a good deal more of the Presidential range, 70,000 acres all told, has been sold at auction for \$475,000, says the Brooklyn Eagle editorially. The transaction came about in a foreclosure suit, and the property was bought in by a mortgagee. The fact that this great range is still private property will strike many people with surprise. There is a rumor that the present purchase may be preliminary to turning the property over to the government as a national park. That is obviously the only right use of it. The White mountains ought to be preserved, not merely as sublime works of nature for the benefit of the people of the entire country, but especially for the protection of the population which clusters about their bases. A few years ago the purchase of such a tract would have meant only that the timber was to be stripped from it. Such a step would mean the drying up of water courses upon which the fertility of farms and the prosperity of mills and factories depend. The ultimate loss in dollars and cents from stripping these peaks would be far more than the value of the lumber. The effect on climate of such denudation is known to be considerable, though it cannot be traced exactly. The time has come to begin a scientific reforestation of the hillsides which have been stripped to feed pulp and lumber mills. In regions where mountain tops are still timbered that covering should be preserved by setting out forest reservations as national or state parks. A movement for an "Appalachian park" in the Blue Ridge country was begun some years ago. White Mountain and Green mountain parks are even more needed, because the population in Vermont and New Hampshire depend upon water courses having their rise in those mountain forests is much greater than in the Blue Ridge country.

HELP WANTED.

I want to hire a large number of girls, boys and women to pick raspberries. These will be ready to pick about July 25 and last about four weeks. I shall have a large crop and pay good prices. Board furnished at \$2.00 per week. I will make it \$1.75 to all who stay with me through the whole of the berry season. I can provide rooms and tents for a few parties who may prefer to camp and board themselves. To those who can only come for a days work occasionally I will say that we nearly always need extra help the day after a rain storm and on Friday, Sunday and Monday. I can do little or no picking Saturday as I cannot market the berries. Extra pay for Sunday work. Thanking all for past favors in helping me out after stormy weather and at other times, I am

Sincerely yours,
H. E. MAXIM,
Locke Mills, Me.
DEFENSE AGAINST MICE.

Oilcloth Covered Table a Protection to Mattresses.

When summering, some years ago in a rough little shanty in the mountains, I was annoyed by the depredations of mice. They would even climb up the sides of the rough-board wall, and down the ropes of swinging shelves. One morning I noticed that some food left by mistake on the dining table was quite unmolested. Their approach was barred by the overhanging oilcloth table cover, which did not present enough resistance to be gnawed through; and no mouse could climb down the overhanging edge of it and up the other side.

I immediately arranged a table with a soft oilcloth hanging five or six inches over its sides, and kept all my flour and other groceries upon it for the remainder of the summer. When we built a more permanent country home, we found each year as we returned to it that in spite of all precautions, the mice had wintered in one or more of our mattresses, making washing it and restuffing necessary.

Then it occurred to me to stack all the mattresses on the oilcloth covered dining room table before closing the house for the winter, leaving no chair or other article of furniture near. Since resorting to this simple expedient there has never been a mouse in any of the mattresses. Good House-keeping.

FARM AND GARDEN

CANTALOUPE CULTURE

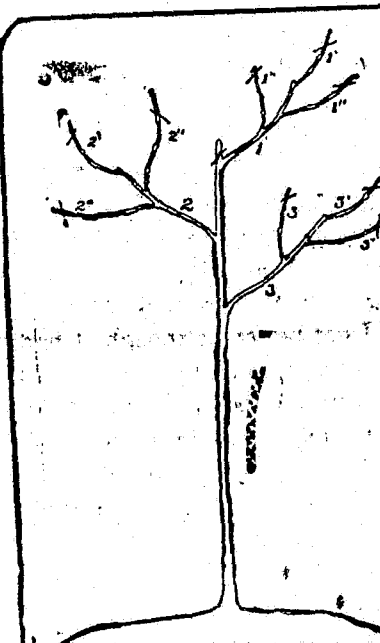
To Prevent Loss From Frost, Three Plowings Are Made.

After the land has been thoroughly prepared, plow out furrows about 8 in. deep and 4 1/2 to 5 ft. apart, going twice in the same row in order to broaden out the trench. The trench is then about half filled with compost or stable manure, and thoroughly mixed with the soil by cultivating up and down the row 4 times or more. In order to prevent loss from frost or insects and to insure a stand, at least 3 separate plantings are made beside each other about a week apart. If the first planting is killed by frost, the second one may come up; whereas, if the second planting were delayed until after the frost appeared, there would be a loss in earliness of 10 days or more.

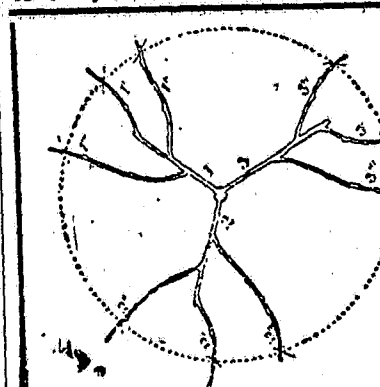
In harvesting the melons the first half of the season they are picked as soon as the stem can be forced with the thumb to part from the fruit without breaking off a piece of the melon with it. This condition should occur before the cantaloupe begins to turn yellow. A cantaloupe in this condition is considered just right to ship, but the day following would be quite yellow and unfit for transportation. After the season in one-half or two-thirds gone and the weather is very hot, as is usually the case, it is safe to cut them off with stems after they are full grown and have become densely netted. If no cantaloupes are picked on Sunday, many melons are overripe on Monday, and these are the ones that are saved for seed. It is important that the melons be stored in the refrigerator car as soon after picking as possible.—W. F. Allen.

Pruning and Growth of Trees.

During the early years of the life of both ornamental and fruit trees a vigorous use of the pruning knife is frequently necessary. Trees normally make much longer natural growth during the first ten years of their existence than later.



With pears and apples the main body branches left at planting time should not be more than 8 inches long. At the close of the first season, when pruning time arrives, the growth of that year should again be shortened to at least 1 foot and each of the main body branches should be allowed to carry not to exceed three subdivisions.



sions, each of which should be 8 inches long. The third year the same operation should be repeated and instead of allowing each subdivision to carry three branches the number should be reduced to two. The arrangement of these branches should in all cases be based upon the same principle as the arrangement of the branches on the main body of the tree.

Cultivating Chestnut Trees.

Contrary to the general belief that chestnuts will not grow on limestone land, the author states that Japanese chestnuts are successful wherever corn can be grown. The Japanese variety is advised for market purposes. The trees should be set about 25 feet apart, and when 7 or 8 years of age should produce about a bushel of nuts per tree. The trees should be planted on ground that can be cultivated in order to better control insect pests.—J. W. Kerr.

Growing Damson Plums.

Those who contemplate growing Damson plums can do so with no fear of the business soon being overdone. There are but few trees in this country of any note. The trees require close attention, making it almost impossible for one grower to have many acres, as is often the case with apples or peaches. The Damson plum offers to fruit growers who will pay close attention to their trees much better chance to realize a good income than many other fruits.

WANT COLUMN.

Agents Wanted
In Bethel and vicinity for line of high grade toilet articles and flavors. Permanent agency and good profits to right parties. Puritan Drug Co., Boston, Mass., 1wk

AGENT WANTED.

We must have an agent at once in Bethel and vicinity. Lady or gentlemen. \$35.00 per week to right party. Exclusive territory. Full particulars free.

W. H. PRILAY,
Pittsfield, Maine.

Wanted.

Quick! Quick!!! Quick!!! Agents wanted at once. Complete History Russian Japanese War. Largest and best book. Most liberal terms to agents. Complete outfit free. Send 10 cents postage.

MANUFACTURERS BOOK CO.
Pittsfield, Me.

SALESMEN WANTED.

We want capable ladies and gentlemen in every town to represent our house. Will pay from \$2.00 to \$5.00 weekly to right party. Exclusive territory. Full particulars free. NATIONAL UNIVERSITY SOCIETY, Pittsfield, Maine.

Lost.

Between Thurston's store and No. Bethel, a bundle containing pink print and cotton hose. Finder will please leave at the store, or at Mrs. H. V. Chapman's, No. Bethel. 8.

To Rent.

Two tenements—One of 6 rooms on lower floor, also one of 4 rooms on upper floor; both provided with city water. Apply to

MRS. ROXANNA BEAN,
Swr Bethel, Me.
Corner Mechanic and Railroad Sts.

Wanted.

A woman to do housework and care for sick woman in family of two. D. G. LOVEJOY, Bethel, Me.

Wanted.

Every one to know that COW-AN-INE makes the best cow oil on the market. For sale at the Bisbee Grain Mill.

HOLLISTER'S

Rocky Mountain Tea Nuggets!

A Bary Medicine for Bury People. Brings Golden Health and Renewed Vigor. A specific for Constipation, Indigestion, Live and Kidney Troubles, Pimples, Eczema, Impure Blood, Bad Breath, Sluggish Bowels, Headache and Backache. It's Rocky Mountain Tea in tablet form, 35 cents a box. Genuine made by Hollister's Drug Company, Madison, Wis. GOLDEN NUGGETS FOR SALLOW PEOPLE

ONLY A WISH.

I wish I were my lady's veil,
Softly to lie against her cheek,
Where dimples play at hide and seek
And rosy blushes flush and pale.

I'm sure that I should never fall
To feel a charm when she would speak;
I'm sure her glances would prevail
And draw me closer to her cheek.

If wishes were of some avail,
But pshaw, they're only vain and weak,
An idle dream—a childish freak—
And yet, and yet, the thoughts are real.

I wish I were my lady's veil,
Chicago Chronicle.

Why He Didn't Know.

Judge Jonathan Dixon of the supreme court of New Jersey has a habit, well known to old practitioners before him, of asking three questions of counsel arguing at the bar. The first one is usually simple, and the second one is a little more drastic, and the respondent replies with trembling uncertainty; the third is bound to be a poser fraught with humiliation.

On one occasion Richard V. Lindbergh of Newark was presenting a case to the court of errors, and when the first question was innocently propounded, he said:

"I don't know."
"Don't know!" cried the judge. "Why don't you know?"
"Because I haven't heard the other two questions," said the wily advocate.—New York Times.

Shy, Not Stupid.

At a dinner given to Sir Alfred Harmsworth in commemoration of his recent knighting, some one said of the guest of honor:

"Our friend Harmsworth as a schoolboy was shy and quiet. One day, up before the class."

"You appear to be a clever lad," the inspector said. "What do five and one make?"

"The little fellow made no answer." "Come, now," said the inspector, "suppose I gave you five rabbits and then another rabbit, how many rabbits would you have?"

"Seven," said Harmsworth. "How do you make that out?" "I have a rabbit of my own at home."—Detroit News Tribune.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure
Digests what you eat.

Ayer's

Want your mouse
a beautiful brown

GILE

A party from
went to the Mounta
turning the same d

Alice Watson wen
the Fourth to meet
Lena Hicks from

There was a bask
up by the band, in
grove the Fourth.

There was a conce
Band followed by
balloon, ascension in

Mrs. A. D. Wigh
Helen Scribner, M
and Mrs. B. S. B
Bethel Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. T.
Gorham, N. H., Sat

Rev. T. D. Dav
from Newfane, Vt.,
short visit at Clove

Fred Wiswell will
Davies during his
Wiswell used to p

and is remembered
Mrs. Emery and
guests of Mrs. Jos

Sunday.
Mrs. Ida Jewett of
is visiting at A. T. I

Beware of Ointment
that Contain
as mercury will surely

of smell and comple
whole system when
the mucous surface
should never be used
eotions from reputab
damage they will do
good you can possibl
Hall's Catarrh Cure,
F. J. Cheney & Co., T
no mercury, and is tak
ing directly upon the
surfaces of the sys
Hall's Catarrh Cure be
genuine. It is taken
made in Toledo, Ohio
& Co. Testimonials fr
Sold by Druggists.
Take Hall's Family
tion.

NEW

Don Smith is at
Small having.

Chas. Douglass
Bethel called at F
last Sunday.

J. S. Allen and f
Stoneham last week.

Fred Bartlett and
spending the summe
Mr. Bartlett is wor

Powers.
Arthur Brink has
for a week.

The Origin

Foley & Co., Chic
Honey & Tar as a
remedy, and on acco

merit and populari
Honey and Tar many
offered for the gen

FOLEY'S Honey and
any substitute offe

preparation will give
faction. It is mild
contains no opiates

children and delicate
by G. R. Wiley.

NORTH NO

Mrs. H. S. Flint
ton recently to see h
is in the hospital w

foot.
C. A. Frost is putti
building at Round I
Sanborn.

F. A. Hunt and M
Brooklyn are in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Mil
are visiting their son

John Wyman's heal
Will Symonds is

large luscious strawbe
he has a great abunda

Austin and Hussey
Caldwell's haying.

Mark Richardson h
of summer boarders.

Will Holt has gone
hospital treatment.

The scholars in the
district held a picnic
Camp in Greenwood J

Mrs. Needham pic
of strawberries in four
ly(?)
Mrs. Bertha Judkin
is visiting in town.

7
COLUMN.
Wanted
vicinity for line of
articles and flavors.
agency and good profits
es. Puritan Drug Co.,
rk
W. H. PRILAY,
Pittsfield, Maine.
Wanted.
ick!!! Quick!!! Agents
nce. Complete History
nese War. Largest and
Most liberal terms to
plete outfit free. Send
age.
FACTURERS BOOK CO.
Pittsfield, Me.
MEN WANTED.
able ladies and gentlemen in
represent our house. Will pay
\$5000 weekly to right par
teritory. Full particulars
L UNIVERSITY SOCIETY.
Pittsfield, Maine.
Lost.
hurston's store and No.
ndle containing pink
ton hose. Finder will
at the store, or at Mrs.
an's, No. Bethel. 8.
To Rent.
ents—One of 6 rooms;
r, also one of 4 rooms.
r; both provided with
Apply to
S. ROXANNA BEAN,
Bethel, Me.
Wanted.
to do housework and
woman in family of two.
D. G. LOVEJOY,
Bethel, Me.
Wanted.
to know that COW-
the best cow oil on
For sale at the Bisbee
OLLISTER'S
tain Tea Nuggets
edicine for Busy People
Health and Renewed Vigor,
constipation, indigestion, liver
colic, Pimples, Eczema, Impure
Blood, Sluggish Bowels, Headache,
and Rocky Mountain Tea in tab-
s a box. Genuine made by
COMPANY, Madison, Wis.
TS FOR SALLOW PEOPLE
LY A WISH.
my lady's veil,
against her cheek,
ples play at hide and
nes flush and pale.
I should never fall
harm when she would
stances would prevail
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Chicago Chronicle.
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," said the inspector
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abbit, how many rabbits
have?
d Harmsworth.
u make that out?"
rabbitt of my own at
it News Tribune.
spesial Cure
what you eat.

Ayer's Pills Vegetable, liver pills. That is what they are. They cure constipation, biliousness, sick-headache. **LOWELL, MASS.**

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Use BUCKINGHAM'S DYE FIFTY CENTS OF DRUGGISTS OR R. F. HALL & CO., NASHUA, N. H.

GILEAD.
A party from Mrs. D. C. Lary's went to the Mountains Saturday returning the same day.
Alice Watson went to South Paris the Fourth to meet her sister, Mrs. Lena Hicks from Massachusetts.
There was a basket picnic, gotten up by the band, in Mrs. D. C. Lary's grove the Fourth. In the evening there was a concert by the Cornet Band followed by fire works and a balloon ascension in the village.
Mrs. A. D. Wight and sister Mrs. Helen Scribner, Mrs. E. R. Bennett and Mrs. B. S. Burbank were in Bethel Friday.
Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Lary were in Gorham, N. H., Saturday.
Rev. T. D. Davies is at home from Newfane, Vt., and will make a short visit at Cloverdale Farm. Rev. Fred Wiswell will supply for Mr. Davies during his absence. Mr. Wiswell used to preach in Gilead and is remembered by many friends.
Mrs. Emery and son were the guests of Mrs. Josephine Wheeler Sunday.
Mrs. Ida Jewett of Gorham, N. H., is visiting at A. T. Heath's.
Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury,
as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescription from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.
Sold by Druggists. Price 75c. per bottle.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

NEWRY.
Don Smith is at work for W. F. Small haying.
Chas. Douglass and wife from Bethel called at Frank Douglass' last Sunday.
J. S. Allen and family visited at Stoneham last week.
Fred Bartlett and his family are spending the summer at The Pines. Mr. Bartlett is working for W. N. Powers.
Arthur Brink has gone to Boston for a week.

The Original.
Foley & Co., Chicago, originated Honey & Tar as a throat and lung remedy, and on account of the great merit and popularity of Foley's Honey and Tar many imitations are offered for the genuine. Ask for FOLEY'S Honey and Tar and refuse any substitute offered as no other preparation will give the same satisfaction. It is mildly laxative. It contains no opiates and is safest for children and delicate persons. Sold by G. R. Wiley.

NORTH NORWAY.
Mrs. H. S. Flint went to Lewiston recently to see her husband who is in the hospital with a very bad foot.
C. A. Frost is putting up another building at Round Pond for F. H. Sanborn.
F. A. Hunt and Miss Doring of Brooklyn are in town.
Mr. and Mrs. Mills from Mason are visiting their son Zenas Mills.
John Wyman's health is very poor.
Will Symonds is marketing his large luscious strawberries of which he has a great abundance.
Austin and Hussey are doing Mrs. Caldwell's haying.
Mark Richardson has a house full of summer boarders.
Will Holt has gone to Boston for hospital treatment.
The scholars in the Noble Corner district held a picnic in Sawyer's Camp in Greenwood July 8.
Mrs. Needham picked 70 quarts of strawberries in four hours recently.
Mrs. Bertha Judkins from Upton is visiting in town.

ALBANY VALLEY ROAD.
L. R. T. Club met with Miss Estella Bean the 5th, and with A. E. K. Grover the 12th.
Daniel Mills and wife of Mason were at Grover Corner recently on their way to Norway.
Mrs. George Monley and daughter Edith of Hyde Park, Mass., are visiting relatives at Hunt's Corner.
Will Inmon and Vivian Lord gave a dance at the Town House the 8th. They intend to have another on the evening of the 15th. All invited.
Emma Burke visited her friend, Gertie Sloan last Saturday and Sunday.
Grace (Moore) McAllister was at her father's recently.
Little Harold McNally's arm which he broke last week is doing nicely.
Norman Sanborn and wife were at Grover Corner recently.
The telephone wires have reached Hunt's Corner from Bethel.
Ellsworth Wilbur and lady have been visiting at S. G. Bean's.
Robert York of Bryant Pond has leased H. G. McNally's farm and moved on to it. Mr. McNally has moved to the mill rent recently bought by N. C. Moore.
G. E. Grover is intending to renew his stock of goods.
Oren Eames works for P. P. Dresser.
Ira Rand was up from Paris recently.
Mrs. Charles Grover has gone west with her father; she will be gone two months at least.

Bent Her Double.
"I knew no one, for four weeks, when I was sick with typhoid and kidney trouble," writes Mrs. Annie Hunter, of Pittsburg, Pa., "and when I got better, although I had one of the best doctors I could get, I was bent double, and had to rest my hands on my knees when I walked. From this terrible affliction I was rescued by Electric Bitters, which restored my health and strength, and now I can walk as straight as ever. They are simply wonderful." Guaranteed to cure stomach, liver and kidney disorders; at all drug stores; price 50c. B

GROVER HILL.
Miss Alta Whitman from Boston and Miss Wheatie Whitman from Lewiston are guests at the home of their uncle A. L. Whitman.
Miss Marion Bennett spent Sunday at Arthur Tyler's in Mason.
Miss Gwendolyn Stearns returned Thursday from Errol.
E. R. Whitman of Boston and M. M. Whitman from Worcester visited their brother A. L. Whitman last week.
Fred Wheeler and bride who have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Grover have returned to West Bethel.

A Smooth Article.
When you find it necessary to use salve use DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. It is the purest, and best for Sores, Burns, Boils, Eczema, Blind, Bleeding, Itching or Protruding Piles. Get the genuine DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. Sold by G. R. Wiley.

NORTH BETHEL.
Mrs. Chapman and children visited at North West Bethel Sunday.
Miss Maria Hastings visited her mother and family over Sunday.
Mr. H. R. Godwin has some boarders.
The Locke House is fast filling with boarders.
Mrs. Charles Hastings and family of Washington, D. C., is at the St. John Hastings homestead for the summer.
Miss Maud Kenney who accompanied Miss Minnie Godwin to Boston, has returned.

CANTORIA.
The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature *Dr. J. C. Ayer*

THE BETHEL NEWS, WEDNESDAY, JULY 12, 1905.

Romantic Story of Utah.
The migration of the first Mormons across the broad, unknown waste that lay between the Missouri River and the valley of the Great Salt Lake was an undertaking of extraordinary daring, an expedition second perhaps, in its interest in American history only to the coming of the Pilgrim Fathers. Just as the Pilgrims launched their ships upon a terrible and unknown sea, these first pioneers of the West ventured into a vast, strange land, about which they knew little aside from the knowledge of the constant presence of a hundred perils.
The people of Utah were the first to establish themselves in the West. Oregon in 1847 was disputed ground. California belonged to Mexico, and the "Forty-niners," the first American pioneers of that State, did not traverse the prairie until two years later, and after Utah was a settlement with several thousand people. So that Utah was then the very borderland. It was there that the West took root.
The leaders of the Mormons had decided upon the far distant West as the future home of their people. They had no more definite plan than that. They had read of the valley of the Great Salt Lake in the reports of Gen. John C. Fremont, the "pathfinder," who had seen the region in 1843. They had heard, too, of Oregon, and they had considered Vancouver Island. But not until the expedition was well on its way was the exact destination definitely determined. There were three main bodies of emigrants who moved from the camp at winter quarters on the Missouri River to the valley beyond the Rockies. The first party numbered 148, including three women and two children, and made its journey in the spring of 1847, with Brigham Young at its head. Then followed in the summer of the same year the second body of the pioneers, nearly 2,000 in all, among them many of the women and children of these first pilgrims of the prairie under the direction of John Young, a brother of the chief. Then Brigham Young returned to the Missouri and the following year guided to the new land all the remainder of his people, about 2,500 of them.—Leslie's Weekly.

He Didn't Kiss the Cook.
A prominent and popular business man of this city is at present the cause of considerable merriment to his friends by reason of an amusing incident that occurred at his home a few days ago. He was recently married and, of course, is devoted to his charming wife. As sometimes happens in the very best regulated households, the servant girl left, or was required to leave the employment of the happy pair, and, therefore, the bride officiated as cook and housemaid pending the engagement of another domestic. Upon reaching home one afternoon and after letting himself in with a latchkey, the husband started in the direction of the kitchen loudly singing:
"I'm going to kiss the cook, I'm going to kiss the cook, I'm going to kiss—"
As he dashed through the kitchen doorway in eagerness to embrace his wife, the head of the house was confronted by a typical black mammy, of uncertain age, who had been employed that day without his knowledge. The wife was hiding beneath the kitchen table enjoying the discomfiture of her spouse, while the real cook grinned as though she enjoyed the situation thoroughly.
The husband maintains a discreet silence when he reaches home these days, especially as his wife concluded that the joke was too good to keep.—Washington Star.

Paper Table Wear.
No more will the hostess sigh over seeing her most cherished lace and embroidery ruined by fruit and chocolate stains. She may now indulge in all the dainty accessories of the table without a qualm as to their being stained. The reason for this is that everything in the shape of dollies, casserole trills and sherbert cups are now made of paper. They are as dainty as possible and are made to imitate the beautiful Tenebriffe work, Mexican drawn work and all lace patterns in the most wonderful manner. Despite their fragile appearance they are proof against liquids and do not get soggy. Salad and ice cream cases come in a variety of pleasing forms and it is possible to carry out a color scheme with but trifling expense.
For children's parties these paper dishes, supplemented by paper napkins, will relieve the anxious hostess of much apprehension in regard to breakage. For picnics they are invaluable. Not only do they save the bother of packing up and carrying home dishes, but they add materially to the beauty of the occasion.
"Society, my dear, is like salt water, good to swim in, but hard to swallow."
Never put a gift cigar in the mouth.

Cured of Bright's Disease.
Mr. Robert O. Burke, Elmhurst, N. Y., writes: "Before I started to use Foley's Kidney Cure I had to get up from twelve to twenty times a night, and I was all bloated up with dropsy and my eyesight was so impaired I could scarcely see one of my family across the room. I had given up hope of living, when a friend recommended Foley's Kidney Cure. One 50 cent bottle worked wonders and before I had taken the third bottle the dropsy had gone, as well as all other symptoms of Bright's disease." Sold by G. R. Wiley.

Weak Hearts
Are due to indigestion. Ninety-nine of every one hundred people who have heart trouble can remember when it was simple indigestion. It is a scientific fact that all cases of heart disease, not organic, are not only traceable to, but are the direct result of indigestion. All food taken into the stomach which fails of perfect digestion ferments and swells the stomach, puffing it up against the heart, and in the course of time that delicate but vital organ becomes diseased.
Mr. D. Kauble, of Nevada, O., says: "I had stomach trouble and was in a bad state as I had heart trouble. I took Kodol Dyspepsia Cure for about four months and it cured me."
Kodol Digests What You Eat and relieves the stomach of all nervous strain and the heart of all pressure.
Bottles only \$1.00. Size holding 2 1/2 times the trial size, which sells for 50c.
Prepared by E. C. DeWitt & Co., CHICAGO.
For Sale by G. R. Wiley Bethel, Me.

HANOVER.
Mr. L. L. Howe, of Swampscott, Mass., and son, Harry G. Howe, of New York, are visiting Mr. Howe's brother, Forest L. Howe.
Miss Agnes Howe and Miss Florence Somers, of Waltham, Mass., are staying with Miss Staples for a few weeks.
J. Gardner Roberts and G. C. Barker went to Andover last week to begin work on a large house for Dr. F. B. Leslie.
W. C. Thomas and Clarence Harlow, who are employed at "Rangeley Lakes," were at home for a few days last week.
Miss Jessie A. Howe, who has been attending Westbrook Seminary this last year, is at home for the summer.
Miss Etta M. Howe, our music teacher, gave a parlor recital Saturday afternoon, from two to four o'clock. Selections were given by her younger pupils of Hanover, Rumford and Andover, all of which were well rendered. Several of the parents and friends of the pupils were present.
Miss Rose Billings went to Andover last week to assist Mrs. O. B. Poor during the summer season.
Miss Georgia Abbott is assisting Mrs. Jane Kimball, at Rumford Point.
Mr. John L. Dyer is in town, the guest of Allen Richardson and family.
Mrs. L. A. C. Dyer is visiting friends in Livermore Falls.
Miss Florence Brown, who has employment in Waltham, Mass., is at home for a few weeks' vacation.
Mrs. G. A. Virgin, of Mechanic Falls, was in town for a few days last week.
Miss Roma Blanchard and Lyndall Blanchard, of Boston, are stopping at "The Ferns."
Lyman Hurd, Esq., of Boston, is at Indian Rock Camp.
Mr. and Mrs. Foy Brown and Miss Florence Brown are occupying Birch Lodge for a few days.

One Lady's Recommendation Sold Fifty Boxes of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets.
I have, I believe, sold fifty boxes of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets on the recommendation of one lady here, who first bought a box of them about a year ago. She never tires of telling her neighbors and friends about the good qualities of these Tablets.—P. M. Shore, Druggist, Rochester, Ind. The pleasant purgative effect of these Tablets makes them a favorite with the ladies everywhere.
For sale by G. R. Wiley, Bethel; H. W. Dennison, West Bethel; E. L. Tebbets, Locke Mills; J. W. Bennett, Gilead.
"I notice you never wear a watch with your evening clothes."
"No. I never have both out at the same time."
This is an age of "many inventions," but the noiseless cannon cracker isn't one of them.

A Surprise Party.
A pleasant surprise party may be given to your stomach and liver by taking a medicine which will relieve their pain and discomfort, viz: Dr. King's New Life Pills. They are a most wonderful remedy, affording sure relief and cure, for headache, dizziness and constipation. 25c at all drug stores. B

HEADQUARTERS FOR HAYING TOOLS
We make a specialty of Farming Machinery Supplies.
WORCESTER BUCKEYE, ADRIANCE BUCKEYE, WOOD, OSBORNE, McCORMICK, AND DEERING MACHINES,
5c. each
Pitman Rods, Pitman Boxes, Pitman Heads, Split Links, Springs, Bolts, Guard Fingers, Guard Plates, etc. for all these machines. Rake Tines and Bolts,—In fact, supplies of every kind and nature for all rakes and mowers; also
Scythes, Snaths, Forks, Rakes, Stones, Hay Forks, Hay Carriers, Etc., Etc.
Repairs of all Kinds of Farming Machinery constantly on hand.
PRICES RIGHT.
Hastings Brothers BETHEL, MAINE.

ESTERBROOK STEEL PENS
THE STANDARD PENS EVERYWHERE. 150 Styles Fine, Medium and Broad Points. Sold by All Stationers.
Works, Camden, N. J. ESTERBROOK STEEL PEN CO. 25 John St., New York.

Women's Russet Blucher Oxfords
For \$1.75. We have a fine line of Women's Russet Vic Blucher Oxfords, light sole, for \$1.75, in C, D, E and EE widths. Russet Shoes are very stylish this year, and you can find all kinds here.

Smiley Shoe Store, Norway, Maine.
OPERA HOUSE BLOCK, NORWAY, MAINE.
E. N. Swett, Mgr. and Salesman. F. W. Faunce, Salesman.
Eastern Telephone Store, 112-3. E. N. Swett's Residence, 112-15.

25¢ A COPY
THE AMERICAN MONTHLY REVIEW OF REVIEWS
The more Magazines there are, the more Indispensable is The Review of Reviews
"Indispensable." "The one magazine I feel I must take." "The world under a field-glass." "An education in public affairs and current literature."—these are some of the phrases one hears from noted people who read the Review of Reviews. The more magazines there are, the more necessary is the Review of Reviews, because it brings together the best that is in all the most important monthlies of the world. Such is the flood of periodical literature that nowadays people say that the only way to keep up with it is to read the Review of Reviews. Entirely over and above this reviewing section, it has more original matter and illustrations than most magazines, and the most timely and important articles printed in any monthly.
Probably the most useful section of all is Dr. Albert Shaw's illustrated "Progress of the World," where public events and issues are authoritatively and lucidly explained in every issue. Many a subscriber writes, "This department alone is worth more than the price of the magazine." The unique cartoon department, depicting current history in caricature, is another favorite. The Review of Reviews covers five continents, and yet is American, first and foremost. Men in public life, the members of Congress, professional men, and the great captains of industry who must keep "up with the times," intelligent men and women all over America, have decided that it is "indispensable."
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13 Astor Place, New York

MORPHINE
Opium, Laudanum, Cocaine and all Drug Habits permanently cured, without pain or detention from business, leaving no craving for drugs or other stimulants. We restore the nervous and physical systems to their natural condition because we remove the causes of disease. A home remedy prepared by an eminent physician.
WE GUARANTEE A CURE FREE TRIAL TREATMENT
Confidential correspondence, especially with physicians, solicited. Write today.
Manhattan Therapeutic Association
Sup. A 1120 Broadway, New York City

WEST BETHEL.

All the Latest News from Our Near Neighbors.

Miss Edith Briggs of South Paris visited in this village a few days recently.

Every heavy shower moves a few sticks of pulp wood down Pleasant river.

Miss Hazel Bean of Portland has been visiting friends and former schoolmates in this village.

Mrs. John B. Murphy has been quite unwell for several weeks and under the treatment of Dr. J. A. Twaddle.

Mrs. Sarah W. Brown has sold her stand on the upper end of Main street, opposite the residence of W. H. Merrow, to Joseph Swett, who has occupied the house several weeks.

Hoing and haying come closely together the same as last year, so closely that few find breathing time between, but grass can be cut too early to make the best of hay.

Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy.

This remedy is certain to be needed in almost every home before the summer is over. It can always be depended upon even in the most severe and dangerous cases. It is especially valuable for summer disorders in children. It is pleasant to take and never fails to give prompt relief. Why not buy it now? It may save life. For Sale by G. R. Wiley, Bethel; H. W. Dennison, West Bethel; E. L. Tebbetts, Locke Mills; J. W. Bennett, Gilead.

EAST BETHEL.

A party from here spent a few days at Camp Comfort last week.

Mr. Charles Swan from Washington, D. C., is spending a few weeks vacation in this place.

Miss Kitt Carr from South Framingham, Mass., has been a guest at J. M. Bartlett's the past week.

Miss Marcia Walden from Greenville, Me., was a guest at Porter Farwell's a few days recently.

Mr. Emery W. Bartlett and family from Boston are visiting here.

Mrs. Deborah Holt has gone to Greenville, Me., for a few weeks visit with her relatives there.

Mrs. Sophia Burrell of Auburn was the guest of her sister Mrs. Galen Blake, recently.

Mr. Horace Swan and family and Mr. Ferde Swan from South Paris were guests at J. H. Swan's last week.

Mr. Nelson Austin is the new stage driver on the mail route from Hanover to Locke Mills.

Where are you sick? Headache, foul-tongue, no appetite, lack energy, pain in your stomach, constipation, Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea will make you well and keep you well. 35 cents.

G. R. Wiley

NORTH WEST BETHEL.

Geo. T. Boothman of Woodsville, N. H., came July 1 to stay over the Fourth with his wife who is spending some weeks with her sister Mrs. S. L. Mason at this place.

Miss Mildred Brown has been spending a week with relatives in Albany.

Sara Mason closed a successful term of school here June 23.

Mr. S. Bemis has gone away to work.

Mother Gray's Appeal to Women.

Mother Gray, a nurse in New York, discovered an accurate pleasant herb drink for women's ills, called AUSTRALIAN-LEAF. It is the only certain monthly regulator. Cures female weakness and Eczema, Kidney, Bladder and Urinary troubles. At Druggists or by mail 50 cts. Sample FREE. Address, The Mother Gray Co., Le Roy, N. Y.

NEWRY.

S. B. Frost and daughter are stopping at A. B. Frost's.

The school here closed last Friday with speaking, after which cake and ice cream were served to all. Quite a number of visitors were present and all were well pleased with the entertainment. Miss Hill, the teacher from Norway, has made the term of ten weeks a success, and scholars and parents alike were satisfied and thought it a profitable term. Scholars not absent one day were: Ralph Frost, Esther Frost and Agnes Frost.

ACHED IN EVERY BONE.

Chicago Society Woman Who Was So Sick She Could Not Sleep or Eat, Cured by Doan's Kidney Pills.

When a woman's kidneys go wrong, her back gives out and every little task becomes a burden. She is tired, nervous, sleepless, run down—suffers daily from headache, heartaches, dizzy spells, and bearing-down pains.

Don't worry over imagined "female troubles." Cure the kidneys and you will be well. Read how to find the cure.

Marion Knight, of 33 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill., member of the Chicago Federation of Musicians and a well-known club woman, says: "This winter when I started to use Doan's Kidney Pills I ached in every bone and had in tense pains in the kidneys and pelvic organs. The urine was thick and cloudy, and I could barely eat enough to live. I felt a change for the better within a week. The second week I began eating heartily. I began to improve generally, and before seven weeks had passed I was well. I had spent hundreds of dollars for medicine that did not help me, but \$6 worth of Doan's Kidney Pills restored me to perfect health."



A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine which cured Miss Knight will be mailed on application to any part of the United States. Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Sold by all dealers; price, fifty cents per box.

STARK, N. H.

Mrs. Mary J. Cole has gone to Haverhill to work.

Daisy and Bessie Potter are visiting Mrs. Willie Stevens at Lunenburg.

Mrs. Peter Aubin has been entertaining her nephew and niece.

Mrs. George Hill is working at the P. L. Co's., boarding house.

Frank O'Connor returned from Stratford, Saturday.

A pretty wedding took place June 21 at the home of L. A. Jackson, when his sister, Miss Inga Jackson, was united in matrimony with Jesse McWain of Island Pond, a former resident of this place. Mr. and Mrs. McWain will reside at Island Pond where he has a position.

Arthur Thibault was in Berlin recently.

Paul Cole and Miss Eunice Stone were united in marriage, June 22, by Rev. N. M. Shaw at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Stone.

Archie Cox and family have moved into the Pitcher boarding house.

Miss Able of the New England Deaconess Association, gave an interesting address Sunday evening on the Deaconess work.

Forced to Starve.

B. F. Leek, of Concord, Ky., says: "For 20 years I suffered agonies, with a sore on my upper lip, so painful, sometimes that I could not eat. After vainly trying everything else, I cured it with Bucklen's Arnica Salve." It's great for burns, cuts and wounds. At all drug stores; Only 25c.

NORTH ALBANY.

Miss Ida Haselton finished a successful term of school in this district last Friday. The children and friends enjoyed a picnic dinner and a concert was given by the teacher and children. Mrs. Burt Brown furnished a graphophone which added much to the entertainment. There were about twenty-six present.

Joseph McPhee visited his brother Ed in this place recently.

Mrs. Bert Bown is entertaining her mother and sister, Mrs. Gale and daughter of Newburyport, Mass.

Woodsome Scribner has finished work for F. H. Bennett where he has been so long, and is now at work for Abel Andrews.

Arthur Andrew has started a grocery wagon in this section; we wish him success.

She Tried Five Doctors.

Mrs. Frances L. Sales, of Missouri Valley, Ia., writes "I have been afflicted with kidney trouble five years; had severe pains in my back and a frequent desire to urinate. When riding I experienced much pain over the region of the kidneys. I tried five physicians without benefit and then concluded to try Foley's Kidney Cure. After taking three \$1.00 bottles I was completely cured." Sold by G. R. Wiley.

BEAT CONDUCTOR'S GAME.

Company is in Two Fares, but the Passenger Didn't Mind.

It takes a pretty slick man to beat a street car conductor in this town, but a mild-looking gentleman did it on his way uptown a few nights ago much to the amusement of his fellow passengers.

It cost the old gentleman 10 cents to accomplish his purpose, but he, and everyone else who saw the transaction, agreed that it was worth the money.

The apparently peaceful one was reading his newspaper contentedly when the conductor stopped in front of him and yelled, "Fare, please."

The old gentleman drew from his pocket a handful of coins, which turned out to consist of about 20 coppers and a quarter. Without deliberating a moment he handed the quarter to the conductor and the latter offered a dime and ten one-cent pieces in change.

The old gentleman took the dime, but balked at the coppers.

"See here," he remonstrated. "I've got a bunch of that sort of chicken feed in my pockets now that I might have given you, but I went out of my way not to. Won't you please give me a dime or nickels instead of those cents?"

"Now," growled the conductor, still offering the rejected change. "Take 'em or leave 'em."

"Do you think that's very decent?" asked the passenger.

"Take 'em or leave 'em," persisted the conductor.

The old gentleman didn't make a move to take his money and the conductor stood first on one foot and then on the other for a minute or two. Then he went back to the platform carrying the rejected coins with him.

"Aren't you going to give me nickels?" asked the passenger every time the conductor came down the aisle.

"Now!" replied the haughty one with great regularity, and the passengers wondered if the old man was going to make the conductor a present of those small coins rather than burden his pockets with them.

He didn't.

When he reached his destination and the car had stopped for him to alight, he made one last plea.

"Now," said the conductor.

"All right," replied his stubborn passenger; "turn 'em in to the company then."

And before he alighted he grabbed the register and rang up two fares.

Then he smiled because the conductor swore.—New York Sun.

A Cheerful Asker.



"Spare a copper for a poor man who has only one arm left!"

"I can see your other arm."

"Yes, but that's my right."—Scraps.

One as Saving as the Other.

A naval officer, recently returned from the isthmus of Panama, tells the following story concerning the wealthiest man on the isthmus:

"Senor M— is known all over the isthmus as the stingiest man who ever lived. He will have no lights in his house except candles, and the lone candle in his sitting room is not burned at night when he is talking to visitors and is not compelled to have a light."

"The old man has a nephew who makes the money fly. A short time ago he called on his uncle at night. While they were talking the old man blew out his candle."

"What did you do that for?" the youngster asked.

"Why, we don't need the light while we are talking," the uncle replied.

"While the uncle was talking earnestly the boy began to shuffle about in the dark. Much annoyed by the interruption, the old man said, 'What are you doing?'"

"Only just taking off my trousers," the boy replied. "I don't need them in the dark and want to keep from wearing them out."—New York Tribune.

It Was Almost Too Late.

Dr. Anita Newcomb McGee, who took a party of ten Red Cross nurses to Japan, was talking in Philadelphia about the perils of war nursing.

"I wish heartily," said Dr. McGee, "that soldiers could shoot no better than my cousin."

She paused, smiled and resumed: "My cousin went gunning last fall for the first time. He bagged nothing; every shot missed. But he was ashamed to go home empty handed, and therefore he stopped at a grocer's and bought a rabbit."

"Good luck!" he cried to his wife on his return. "Look at the rabbit. See where the bullet went through him!"

"My cousin's wife took hold of the rabbit, and at the same time she smiled, grimaced and turned away her head."

"You were wise, my dear," she said, "to shoot this rabbit today. To-morrow would have been too late."

Over-Work Weakens Your Kidneys.

Unhealthy Kidneys Make Impure Blood.

All the blood in your body passes through your kidneys once every three minutes.

The kidneys are your blood purifiers, they filter out the waste or impurities in the blood. If they are sick or out of order, they fail to do their work.

Pains, aches and rheumatism come from excess of uric acid in the blood, due to neglected kidney trouble.

Kidney trouble causes quick or unsteady heart beats, and makes one feel as though they had heart trouble, because the heart is over-working in pumping thick, kidney-poisoned blood through veins and arteries. It used to be considered that only urinary troubles were to be traced to the kidneys, but now modern science proves that nearly all constitutional diseases have their beginning in kidney trouble.

If you are sick you can make no mistake by first doctoring your kidneys. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases and is sold on its merits.

By all druggists in fifty-cent and one-dollar sizes. You may have a sample bottle by mail. Home of Swamp-Root, free, also pamphlet telling you how to find out if you have kidney or bladder trouble. Mention this paper when writing Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

FOR SALE.

The Ryerson Place in Bethel.

Fine Country Place in Mayville, near Bethel. About 135 acres, 35 tillage, 100 pasture, wood and timber. Cuts a good lot of hay. In good cultivation. Large two-story house with spacious ell and shed connected, 25 rooms; 2 large barns, 40x100 and 30x75. Water in house and barn. All in excellent repair. House has been used as hotel by owners, but was built for private house. Has been much improved lately. Location is unexcelled for health, business, home life, or summer resort. Situated in the bend of the river, with fine view of the mountains; fronted by broad level intervals, backed by fine forests; first class community.

Upon the farm is the trotting course of the Riverside Park Association which with all buildings, goes with the farm. One of the most attractive and desirable places in the State. Excellent for summer boarders. Owner sells because the recent death of her son renders her unable to manage place. Price, \$10,000 on easy terms. Apply to HERRICK & PARK, Bethel, Me.

Farm for Sale.

A nice farm situated in Lewistown within three miles of the city, on electric road; fifty acres of land, about equally divided as to pasture and tillage land; has thirty or forty fruit trees; a spring of pure water near house, also nice well water, excellent set of farm buildings including large hen-house, new; cellar under house, ell and stable; excellent land to cultivate, and cuts twenty-five tons of hay; early land, and excellent markets for vegetables, berries and all farm produce; never failing brook runs through the pasture. Will sell at a bargain and on easy terms. For particulars inquire of, or address, E. C. BOWLER, Bethel, Maine.

PROBATE NOTICES.

To all persons interested in either of the Estates hereinafter named:

At a Probate Court, held at Paris, in and for the County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of June in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and five. The following matter having been presented for the action thereupon hereinafter indicated, it is hereby ORDERED:

That notice thereof be given to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in THE BETHEL NEWS, a newspaper published at Bethel, in said County, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at said Paris on the third Tuesday of July, A. D. 1905, at 9 o'clock in the forenoon, and be heard thereon if they see cause.

TIMOTHY J. CHAPMAN, late of Gilead, deceased; petition that Eli T. Peabody be appointed trustee under the will of said deceased to fill vacancy caused by the death of Henry Wright, a former trustee, presented by T. G. Lary, a trustee under said will.

HELEN E. BISBEE of Bethel, ward; petition to license to sell and convey real estate presented by Fannie W. Bisbee, guardian.

MARIA F. ATHERTON, late of Bethel; deceased; petition for determination of collateral inheritance tax; presented by H. H. Hastings, Administrator.

ADDISON E. HERRICK, Judge of said Court.

A true copy—attest: ALBERT D. PARK, Register.

NOTICE.

The subscriber hereby gives notice that he has been duly appointed Administrator of the estate of FRANK W. BAKER, late of Bethel, in and for the County of Oxford, deceased, and given bonds as the law directs. All persons having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to present the same for settlement, and all indebted thereto are requested to make payment immediately.

306 June 20th, 1905. Ellery C. Park.

NOTICE.

The subscriber hereby gives notice that he has been duly appointed Administrator of the estate of EMILY B. CHAPMAN late of Bethel, in and for the County of Oxford, deceased. All persons having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to present the same for settlement, and all indebted thereto are requested to make payment immediately.

306 June 20th, 1905. Ralph E. Chapman.

IRA C. JORDAN,

Dealer in

General Merchandise and

GRAIN,

BETHEL,

MAINE.

10 cts. a copy \$1.00 a year

MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE

is "the cleanest, most stimulating, meatiest general magazine for the family," says one of the million who read it every month. It is without question

"The Best at any Price"

Great features are promised for next year—six or more whole-some interesting short stories in every number, continued stories, beautiful pictures in colors, and articles by such famous writers as Ida Tarbell, Lincoln Steffens, Ray Stannard Baker, John La Farge, William Allen White, and Charles Wagner. Get all of it right into your home by taking advantage of this

SPECIAL OFFER

Send \$1.00 before January 31, 1905, for a subscription for the year 1905 and we will send you free the November and December numbers of 1904—fourteen months for \$1.00 or the price of twelve. Address MCCLURE'S, 48-59 East 23d Street, New York City. Write for agents' terms.

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A Magazine of Cleverness

Magazines should have a well-defined purpose. Genuine entertainment, amusement and mental recreation are the motives of *The Smart Set*, the

MOST SUCCESSFUL OF MAGAZINES

Its novels (a complete one in each number) are by the most brilliant authors of both hemispheres.

Its short stories are matchless—clean and full of human interest.

Its poetry covers the entire field of verse—pathos, love, humor, tenderness—is by the most popular poets, men and women, of the day.

Its jokes, witticisms, sketches, etc., are admittedly the most mirth provoking.

160 PAGES DELIGHTFUL READING

No pages are wasted on cheap illustrations, editorial vaporing, or wearying essays and idle discussions.

Every page will interest, charm and refresh you.

Subscribe now—\$2.50 per year. Remit in cheque, P. O. or Express order, or registered letter to THE SMART SET, 452 FIFTH AVENUE, New York.

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Men's, Women's and Children's Shoes,

Gent's Furnishings.

Ask about Dutchess Trousers.

Ten cents a button, one dollar a rip.

Main Street,

Bethel, Maine.

Kodol DYSPEPSIA CURE
DIGESTS WHAT YOU EAT
The \$1.00 bottle contains 2 1/2 times the trial size, which sells for 50 cents.
PREPARED ONLY AT THE LABORATORY OF
E. C. D'WITT & COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.
FOR SALE BY G. R. WILEY, BETHEL, MAINE.

THE HOME

What Have You Done

You are going to do great say—

But what have you done You are going to win in a sp

As others have won; You have plans that when t

in force Will make you sublime; You have mapped out a g

ward course— But why don't you clim

You're not quite ready to sta

If you hope to win, The time to be starting is no

Don't dally, begin! No man has ever been ready

Nor ever will be; You may fall ere you reach

hopes are set— But try it and see.

You are going to do great say,

You have splendid plans Your dreams are of heights

away; They're a hopeful man's But the world, when it judg

for you, At the end, my son, Will think not of what you

to do, But of what you've done.

—S.

We let lots of good away from us every da

our eyes are fixed on come. We are always thin

better time that's coming and fail to take advant

things around us which w to good account. From

cold days of life, as well a bright, balmy ones, on

much of value. The inc brings with it things of v

the out-going tide leave things. He who takes

things that come in with loses the things left by th

—O.

The clear thinker and server, must realize that t

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one of us is a little worl alone on an individual or

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tion if we only realize it. no satisfaction that ca

with that of looking back years, and finding that

grown in self-control, it judgment, in a sense of

generosity, and in un Seek to be worthy of your

est commendation.

—O.

One Step at a Tim

Do not try to cover journey with one step—

do it, and you may get a your pains. It is hard at

one thinks of all the v ahead of him. And he fir

effort to take all those st ly, before he reaches the p

they must be taken, is fa ing than the step actual

THE HOME.

What Have You Done?

You are going to do great things, you say—
But what have you done?
You are going to win in a splendid way,
As others have won;
You have plans that when they are put
in force
Will make you sublime;
You have mapped out a glorious up-
ward course—
But why don't you climb?
You're not quite ready to start, you say;
If you hope to win,
The time to be starting is now—to-day—
Don't dally, begin!
No man has ever been ready as yet,
Nor ever will be;
You may fall ere you reach where your
hopes are set—
But try it and see.
You are going to do great things, you
say,
You have splendid plans;
Your dreams are of heights that are far
away;
They're a hopeful man's—
But the world, when it judges the case
for you,
At the end, my son,
Will think not of what you were going
to do,
But of what you've done.
—S. E. Kiser.

We let lots of good things get
away from us every day, because
our eyes are fixed on the days to
come. We are always thinking of the
better time that's coming by-and-by,
and fail to take advantage of the
things around us which we can turn
to good account. From the dark
cold days of life, as well as from the
bright, balmy ones, one may get
much of value. The incoming tide
brings with it things of value. And
the outgoing tide leaves beautiful
things. He who takes only the
things that come in with the flood,
loses the things left by the ebb-tide.

The clear thinker and careful ob-
server, must realize that there is one
and only one main object in life—
the building of character. Each
one of us is a little world, whirling
alone on an individual orbit, but the
divine power is within us, to grow
into symmetry, beauty and perfec-
tion if we only realize it. There is
no satisfaction that can compare
with that of looking back across the
years, and finding that you have
grown in self-control, in charity of
judgment, in a sense of justice, in
generosity, and in unselfishness.
Seek to be worthy of your own high-
est commendation.

One Step at a Time.

Do not try to cover the entire
journey with one step—you cannot
do it, and you may get a tumble for
your pains. It is hard at first, when
one thinks of all the weary steps
ahead of him. And he finds that the
effort to take all those steps, mental-
ly, before he reaches the place where
they must be taken, is far more tir-
ing than the step actually before him.
Take one step at a time.

And then it is annoying when we
think that we cannot see the end of
the journey—cannot see far ahead
on the road, as it winds in and out
among the hills. If we only knew
more about the destination, or even
about the things lying a little ahead
of us on the road. But no one who
has gone ahead will retrace his steps
in order to inform us, and those
whom we overtake, of course, have
been no further along than we have.
And so, we don't know very much
about the trip after all. But some-
how, we know that there must be a
destination, else the road would not
be there. No road ever existed but
what led to somewhere, as otherwise
there would have been no reason for
its existence. And all we can do is
to walk on and on, in trust and con-
fidence that those who built the
road knew their business and have
provided stages for rest, and a final
rest at the end of the journey.

If we think too much of what is
on the road far beyond, we will miss
the beauties of that part of the road
over which we are passing—will fail
to note things which will be of use
to us later on. At every point of the
journey there are interesting things
—things from which we may obtain
instruction and benefit—let us not
pass them by unheeded, in our worry
about the miles beyond us. Let us,

instead, take one step at a time, tak-
ing it boldly and fearlessly, and be-
ing confident that the road just
around the bend will afford us solid
footing when we reach it. It is
these bends in the road and what
lies around them, that makes the
walking so hard—that makes us feel
weary and tired—that makes us feel
like lying down by the roadside in
despair and disgust.

In this journey of life, let us take
the step that lies just ahead of us,
knowing that it is as needful a step
as even the last will be, for without
it the last could never be taken.
Let us not murmur at our slow pro-
gress, but look around us and we
will see something that will brighten
us, no matter how monotonous may
be the particular state of the journey.
Let us enjoy every bit of the road,
for we will never see just the same
bit again. Let us get all that's go-
ing, and the only way to do it is to
make the best of every step. One
step at a time—not only as a means
to an end, but for the sake of the
step itself. Pucker up your mouth
for a whistle, and step out boldly
with a light heart.—Ex.

From "The Two Vanrevels."

"All people are made of the same
materials, only in such different pro-
portions. I think a little world
might hold as much as the largest,
if you thought it all out hard enough,
and your experience might be just
as broad and deep in a small corner
of the earth as anywhere else. We
sigh and strain our eyes and stretch
out our arms in the dark, groping al-
ways for the strange blessing that is
just beyond our grasp, seeking for
precious unknown that lies just
over the horizon! Its what they
meant by the pot of gold where the
rainbow ends—only, it may be there
after all! It is really death that
makes us think. Does God reign,
or did it all happen? Sometimes it
seems so deadly probable that the
universe just was, no God to plan it,
nothing but things; that we die as
sparrows die, and the brain is all
the soul we have, a thing that be-
comes clogged and stops some day.
And is that all?

Do you see the constellations
swinging above us, such unimagina-
ble vastnesses, not roving or crash-
ing through the illimitable at hap-
hazard, but moving in more excel-
lent measure, and to a finer rhythm,
than the most delicate clockwork
man ever made? The great ocean-
lines mark our seas with their paths
through the water; the fine brains of
the earth are behind the ships that
sail from port to port, yet how awry
the system goes! When does a ship
come to her harbor at an hour de-
termined when she sailed? What is
a ship beside the smallest moon of
the smallest world? But there above
us, moons, worlds, suns, all the in-
finite cluster of colossi, move into
place to the exactness of a hair at
the precise instant. That instant
has been planned; it is a part of a
system—and can a system exist that
no mind made? Think of the Mind
that made this one! Do you be-
lieve so inconceivably majestic an
Intelligence as that could be any-
thing but good? Look above you
and you will never fear that a spar-
row's fall could go unmarked!—Ex.

Fishing.

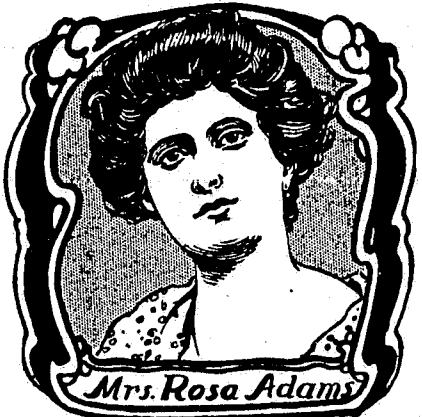
According to advertisements all
summer resorts are alike. They are
the best ever—but if fishing is bet-
ter anywhere else than it is in
"Georgian Bay" we do not know
where it is. There is a greater
variety of fish in this water than
anywhere else, and they are always
hungry. No one ever counted the
fish in the Georgian Bay, but those
that have been caught there have
been counted and eaten, and if you
read the Government reports on fish-
eries, you know that Georgian Bay
supplies more fish than any other
equal body of water in the world.
Georgian Bay has a monopoly on
fish. The only place you can af-
ford to fish is where the fish are num-
erous, big and delicious in flavor,
and that place is Georgian Bay—so
the fishermen say. Suppose you send
for booklet, issued by Grand Trunk
Railway System, telling about the
home of the bass, pickerel, pike and
the noble trout family. Address
J. Quinlan, D.P.A.G.T.Ry., Montreal.

Cure For The Blues

ONE MEDICINE THAT HAS NEVER FAILED

Health Fully Restored and the Joy of
Life Regained

When a cheerful, brave, light-hearted
woman is suddenly plunged into that
perfection of misery, the BLUES, it is
a sad picture. It is usually this way:
She has been feeling "out of sorts"



for some time; head has ached and
back also; has slept poorly, been quite
nervous, and nearly fainted once or
twice; head dizzy, and heart-beats very
fast; then that bearing-down feeling,
during her menstrual period she is
exceedingly despondent. Nothing
pleases her. Her doctor says: "Cheer
up; you have dyspepsia; you will be
all right soon."

But she doesn't get "all right," and
hope vanishes; then come the brood-
ing, morbid, melancholy, everlasting
BLUES.

Don't wait until your sufferings have
driven you to despair, with your nerves
all shattered and your courage gone,
but take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vege-
table Compound. See what it did for
Mrs. Rosa Adams, of 819 12th Street,
Louisville, Ky., niece of the late Gen-
eral Roger Hanson, U.S.A. She writes:

"I cannot tell you with pen and ink what
Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound
has done for me. I suffered with female
troubles, extreme lassitude, the blues,
nervousness and that all-gone feeling. I was
advised to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable
Compound, and it not only cured my female
derangement, but it has restored me to perfect
health and strength. The buoyancy of my
younger days has returned, and I do not suf-
fer any longer with despondency, as I did be-
fore. I consider Lydia E. Pinkham's Vege-
table Compound a boon to sick and suffering
women."

If you have some derangement of
the female organism write Mrs.
Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for advice.

To Unknown Lands.

Among the serious poems of John
Hay there is none more touching
than the one entitled, "The Stirrup
Cup," with its note of subdued and
resigned regret. It is appropriately
quoted in connection with his death:

My short and happy day is done;
The long and lonely night comes on,
And at my door the pale horse stands
To carry me to unknown lands.
His whinny shrill, his pawing hoof,
Sounds dreadful as a gathering storm;
And I must leave this sheltering roof
And joys of life so soft and warm.
Tender and warm the joys of life—
Good friends the faithful and the true;
My rosy children and my wife,
So sweet to kiss, so fair to view.
So sweet to kiss, so fair to view:
The night comes on, the lights burn blue:
And at my door the pale horse stands
To bear me forth to unknown lands.

Doctors said He would not Live.

Peter Fry, Woodruff, Pa., writes
"After doctoring for two years with
the best physicians in Waynesburg,
and still getting worse, the doctors
advised me if I had any business to
attend to I had better attend to it
at once, as I could not possibly live
another month as there was no cure
for me. Foley's Kidney Cure was
recommended to me by a friend, and
I immediately sent my son to the
store for it and after taking three
bottles I began to get better and con-
tinued to improve until I was en-
tirely well." Sold by G. R. Wiley.

Edyth—I prefer a man with a
future rather than a past.
Mayme—Well, I prefer one with
a few presents.

"I notice you never wear a watch
with your evening clothes."
"No. I never have both out at
the same time."

This is an age of "many inven-
tions," but the noiseless cannon
cracker isn't one of them.

Timely and Valuable Suggestions.

Many people, especially women
who lead closely confined domestic
lives, suffer from what in general
terms is called "nervousness." Among all forms of treatment none
has even approached in success the
intelligent use of Dr. David Ken-
nedy's Favorite Remedy of Rondout,
N. Y., which promotes an easy and
natural action of the digestive or-
gans and imparts tone to the ner-
vous system.

ASTORIA.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of
J. H. P. Peterson

JEWEL STREET, MEXICO.

Named for a Magnificent Bracelet of
Gold Set with Precious Stones.
The "Jewel" from which this well
known street in Mexico City takes its
name was a magnificent bracelet of
gold, set with many precious stones.
The jewel was made for Isabel de la
Garside y Tovar, a beautiful woman
belonging to the most exclusive soci-
ety of the capital of Mexico, both by
birth and marriage. But, alas! it was
not her husband, Senor Alonso Fer-
nandez de Bobadilla, who presented the
bracelet to her. This gentleman
had for a long time been much more
unhappy than he appeared. In truth,
he was the most miserable of mortals,
for he was filled with apprehension
that the wife of his bosom, whom he
so much loved, did not return his af-
fection and was not true to him. They
lived in the greatest luxury in one of
the finest homes in the street, and, in-
deed, in Mexico. Senor Fernandez's
offices were on the first floor of the
house, and their large and handsomely
furnished living apartments were
above. One day the senor was sitting
in his office, sadly meditating on his
lot, when a letter was thrown through
the bars of the window and fell direct-
ly in front of him. He started as if
from a dream, but even before he
broke the seal he knew what the letter
would reveal. It mentioned no names,
but between the lines he read the
guilty name of a professional friend,
Senor Raoul de Lara. Filled with
suspicion, as he had been, the definite
revelation of the truth almost stunned
him. He thought of that very morn-
ing when he had ridden forth with his
lovely wife by his side in an equipage
that was almost royal in its richness,
envied by all who saw him, and rich-
er than any of his acquaintances, but
also more unhappy.

His first impulse was to rush up to
the living rooms with the letter in one
hand and a dagger in the other, to charge
the Doña Isabel with her unfaithful-
ness, and, if she could not deny it, to
stab her to the heart. But instead he
decided upon the cold plan of establish-
ing a watch that he might prove to
himself the bitter truth. Accordingly,
he went calmly up to his wife and told
her that he had made an engagement
with the government that would keep
him away from home until late at
night. Doña Isabel bade him an af-
fectionate farewell and he departed.
A few doors away he secreted himself
in the gathering shadows. Night had
just fallen, when a man, well wrapped
in a long black cloak, which he held
over his mouth, as was the custom at
night time, and his sombrero shading
securely the upper part of his face,
passed him hurriedly and then stop-
ped in front of Senor Fernandez's own
door. There was no knock, but the
Doña Isabel appeared on the upper
balcony, greeted him and then the
heavy street door opened silently a
little way and the man in the long
cloak entered. Senor Fernandez waited
no longer. Hastening into his own
house, he found his friend just clasp-
ing a beautiful and costly bracelet on
the arm of the Doña Isabel. Another
instant and a dagger had penetrated
the black cloak and the blacker heart
beneath it. The Doña Isabel turned to
flee, but finding the doors barred she
fell on her knees before her husband
and begged her pardon, mercy and her
life.

"Tis thus I pardon you," exclaimed
the enraged husband, as he plunged
the blood dripping dagger into her
heart.
The following day the two bodies
were found in the house, and the door,
with the dagger stuck through it to
hold it there, the bracelet as proof of
the crime. Senor Alonso Fernandez
de Bobadilla entered a monastery—
Modern Mexico.

ELIHU ROOT ON CITY LIFE.

It Sharpens Us, But We Must Keep
Near the Soil.

Secretary of War Elihu Root, who
has just returned from a visit to his
birthplace, Clinton, in Oneida County,
attended the annual dinner of the So-
ciety of the Sons of Oneida, at the Ho-
tel Savoy. He said his visit had
brought home to him the great trend
of the population toward the big
cities, and had started in him a vein
of serious reflection on the conse-
quences of this movement on the race
and nation.

"There is a very serious side to this
movement," he said. "With a popu-
lation of 25,000,000 or more now living
in the cities we are facing a new set
of conditions in the formation of na-
tional character."

"Life in the city tends to greater
alertness of mind, to a sharpening of
the faculties and greater nervous en-
ergy, but at the same time to a strain-
ed intensity and refinement of the
nervous system which will make a dif-
ferent race of us."

"If the strong, self-possessed, self-
centered, dominant man is to continue
his race he must continue in con-
tact with the soil. No race of the city
bred can perpetuate these qualities,
for the nerves and sinews are
strengthened and the moral integrity
enlarged and deepened by contact with
the soil, by the soothing and calming
influences of nature."

"We sons of Oneida do well to gather
here to recall the memories of our
old home, and the best thing about it
is that it may lead some of us back
to the old life."

"Think of the wretchedness of the
children born and bred in the city's
streets. If the emblem of this coun-
try could be changed I would not sub-
stitute for the eagle the wild turkey,
as Ben Franklin proposed, but would
suggest the homing pigeon as a better
bird to venerate."—N. Y. Sun.

Anger is the thunder that sours the
milk of human kindness.

HARDWARE AND IMPL.
AGENCY
MCCORMICK
MACHINES
AND
TOWNE
AGENCY
MCCORMICK
MACHINES
AND
TOWNE

THEY'RE IN LINE
TO BUY
THE OK LINE
A. F. Copeland, Agent, Bethel, Me.

WALL PAPERS
Large Assortment
AND
PRICES RIGHT.
Odd lots, enough for one
room at less than cost.

Sample Books of fine high cost Papers to select from

**Paints, Varnishes and
Painters' Supplies.**
Quality the Best.
Come and Investigate.

Wiley's Drug Store,
POST OFFICE BLOCK, BETHEL, MAINE

NEW DEPARTURE.

I shall not keep Meats during the summer,
and have put in a stock of

MOLASSES, KEROSENE, FLOUR.

In addition to which I shall carry my usual line of
STAPLE and FANCY GROCERIES, FRUIT, CON-
FECTIONERY, CIGARS and

GREEN STUFF.

The Flour which I carry is WASHBURN-CROSBY in
sacks—none better. Boneless Cod, and Smoked Halibut
in packages; Canned Goods of all kinds, etc. Have you
tried PARLOR PRIDE STOVE POLISH?

CHAS. A. LUCAS, Fancy Grocer,
MAIN STREET, BETHEL, MAINE.

GRASS SEED.

Timothy, Hungarian,
Lawn Grass, Alsike
and New York Clover.

Fertilizers, Lime and Cement.

Corn, Flour and Feed.

Woodbury & Purington Bethel.

INDIAN LOVE SONG.

Lift thine eyes, my maiden,
To the hilltop high;
Night and gloom will vanish
When the pale stars die;
Lift thine eyes, my maiden,
Hear thy lover's cry.

From my tent I wander,
Seeking only thee,
As the day from darkness
Comes for steam and tree.
Lift thine eyes, my maiden,
To the hilltop high;
Let the dawn be breaking,
Rosy beams the sky;
Lift thine eyes, my maiden,
Hear thy lover's cry.

Lonely is our valley,
Though the month of May;
Some and be my moonlight,
It will be thy day!
Lift thine eyes, my maiden,
Oh, behold me high!
Now the song is rising,
Now the shadows fly;
Lift thine eyes, my maiden,
Hear thy lover's cry.

—Translated by Alice C. Fletcher
from the Omaha tongue.

RICKSHAW COOLIE
NUMBER 72.

How the Pagan Ten Po Underwent
Voluntary Slavery for
the Sake of the Man who had
Befriended Him.

By R. Clyde Ford.

The reservoir at Kolum Ayer lay like a piece of burnished silver in the twilight, a slight ripple creased its surface, but the breeze was light and came in gusts like the disturbed breathing of some sleeper. Across the water a bank of forest loomed up dimly, and out of its shadows could be heard the screaming of monkeys and the strident call of night birds; and down where the pipe left the embankment a little stream trickled off into the gloom.

Ever since sunset a man had sat on the groundwork that faced the Kolum and drummed his heels. Seen from the rest house he might have easily been passed for some spooking hantu, for his silhouette rested like a gray blotch above the wall and was projected back in ungainly shape upon the jungle behind. From time to time, when he moved his head or his arms, the shape wobbled in uncanny fashion, and mysterious sounds came across to the shore; but it was only the man talking to himself.

"And so it's five years last week since you came, is it? Dan Smith, you've been a fool!"

The man was evidently arraigning himself in the solitude there, but at first no answer came. Instead a frog croaked contently in the lowlands where the stream gurgled, and the monkeys chattered on noisily.

"Where is that two hundred pounds you brought to the Straits, Dan Smith?"

"This time the man on the wall answered his own blunt question.

"Gone in Jelebu mingling stock."

"And what do you do with your wages as fast as you can earn them?"

The reply came promptly: "Spend 'em."

"And how much do you owe that money lender, Kuchdoo Rhooasab?"

"Five hundred dollars."

The self examination ceased here, and the man buried his face in his hands. He sat motionless and pensive so long that a monkey ventured out along the wall toward him, and when he looked up the little beast was trying on his cork helmet.

"You look like Kuchdoo Rhooasab when he demands his interest," he muttered aloud—at which the animal gave a chatter and scampered away.

The twilight turned to leaden darkness, and the man still sat on the embankment. His thoughts were torturing him, and at last he spoke them out wildly and vehemently:

"Oh, what a fool! I came out here five years ago with a thousand dollars in gold, and good prospects. I've spent my money in speculation, I've salary, big as it is, cannot keep me, and I owe that chettie, Rhooasab, five hundred dollars; and when I'm behind with my monthly three per cent. interest he turns up his hands and looks toward heaven and says: 'Very well, Tuan; I see the firm.' And so it's debt, debt, debt and such nights as this—such nights as this!"

The man reached his hand into his pocket and drew out a letter, which he fumbled in his fingers. It was too dark to read it but he knew the contents by heart. "Poor mother!" he said with a sigh, "she thinks I'm doing well."

"Dear Dan—Your last letter's gone to pieces from frequent reading. It's a long while since you have written; but I suppose you are very busy out there. One must attend to business first. I know—"

The man laughed a hoarse laugh that had no mirth in it. "She thinks I'm indispensable to the firm," he commented, then he grew moody again and crumpled the letter in his fingers.

"Things have not been going very well at home. Arabella ought to have some new gowns, but with your father's sickness and the doctor to pay, there's no money. Tom will have to leave school soon, I'm afraid. If you could send us a hundred pounds of that we fitted you out with when you went to the Straits, it would relieve us nicely. Of course, Danny, we never thought that we would ask you for it when you went away; but, as I have said, we have not got along very well at home."

This was the part of the letter that had plunged Dan Smith into despair. What he owed the chettie could be settled some way, and his other debts were no worse than they had been for two or three years past; but to raise any more money—that was plainly an impossibility. And so he sat on the wall at Kolum Ayer in the dark and nursed his misery.

"No more fun for me till I see one hundred pounds started for England on the P. & O. Mail," he muttered between his teeth.

He arose and walked along the wall to the footpath that led down from the bungalow to the big road to the city. As he strode along dejectedly in the dark, the smell of gardens through the hedges came to him and brought tears to his eyes. "Makes me think of spring at home," he thought, "and the hawthorn in blossom. But I wonder where they obtained that two hundred pounds for me when I came out here? They must have pinched hard somewhere."

He had reached the main road, which lay a little beyond the Kolum. Usually he looked around for a rickshaw here, but tonight, though he saw the gleam of a lamp down the road, he gave no call. "Might as well begin to save now," he said to himself. "I'll walk."

At the corner he passed under the gas lamp near the rickshaw stand, and a coolie came toward him, pulling his vehicle with a clatter. "Here I am, Tuan," he said, as he swung the vehicle around.

"What! You here, Teng Po?" said Smith, in surprise. "You won't get any fares out here."

"I've been waiting for you," the coolie answered timidly. "Ah Beng said he pulled you out here—"

"You are a pagan," Smith interrupted. "But all right, I'll ride; mind, you've got to take pay for it, though."

The Chinaman grinned as he answered in a proverb of the Straits: "A man does not take toll of his brother."

Teng Po's devotion to Dan Smith was the most remarkable thing in the latter's life, and Smith knew it, though he laughed at it when among his cronies. It had begun two years before, when Smith was returning one night on foot from a shooting excursion. A couple of miles out of town he had met a rickshaw. The coolie was young and jolly, and spoke Malay with a fluency that would have been astonishing in a Baba Chinaman, to say nothing of a coolie. He was entertained; before they reached Smith's quarters they were chatting away like old acquaintances. As Smith paid his fare he noticed the coolie's number, "72."

During the next few days Smith had occasion to hire No. 72 several times, then the man suddenly disappeared. Upon inquiry he learned that he was sick in a coolie boarding house near High street, so he dropped around to take a look at him. He found the place to be a rambling old building in a dirty alley, with every room filled with men, smoking, gambling, or sleeping. The man he was looking for was lying on a mat in a dark foul corner of an overcrowded room. The noise around was maddening and the air pestilential; no wonder the coolie was thin and delirious with fever. Smith's curiosity was speedily changed to pity, and before night rickshaw coolie 72 was lying in an empty room at Dan Smith's bungalow with an English doctor attending him. This was the reason why Teng Po had become Dan Smith's shadow.

On the way back from the Kolum Smith got out of the rickshaw at the foot of Bukit Besar to walk up. It was a hill of considerable height and a hard pull for a coolie. As he walked along in the dim light of the lanterns the contrast between him and the Chinaman was striking. He was tall, slim, jaunty and dressed in neat, buty duck; the coolie was not tall, but heavily built, and clad only in baggy trousers. His broad yellow back between the shafts of the rickshaw was corrugated with muscles and his tow-chang, coiled about his head under the wide plaited hat, left his heavy neck bare.

Teng Po, said the Englishman, laying his white hand over the coolie's brown one, "I'm about in the last ditch."

The Chinaman said nothing, for he did not understand what the other meant.

"I'm one of your 'foreign devils' who has made it badly out here," I don't know what I'm going to do."

"Money?" asked Teng Po bluntly.

"Yes, money," said Smith, looking away into the dark wall of mangrove trees that lined the roadside. And then, impelled by a longing to unburden his heart of its load and pour out his troubles to some sympathetic ear, though he knew no help could come from it, he told Teng Po everything. The speculation in Jelebu mining stock the Chinaman easily understood, and the wasting grip of the Hindoo money lender was no new experience to him; but when Smith spoke of England and the beautiful old house at the end of the lane, and the hawthorn hedge in blossom, the coolie no longer saw the picture. And then Smith told also how his old father and mother had saved for the children, how he had left home with two hundred pounds—which he had squandered—how Tom must leave school soon, and Arabella become a broken spirited wife in some obscure country home. But here again Teng Po failed to understand, though he saw from the fervor and emotion of his friend that the case was desperate.

During the next few weeks Smith writhed under his load. He grew thin and hollow eyed from worry and despair. There seemed no relief either for him or for the folks at home. With close economy he might hope to

pay the chettie in a year or so, but to raise a hundred pounds now—as well try to borrow a million.

So harassed was he that he no longer noticed that Teng Po did not wait for him at night or come for him in the morning; there were always enough rickshaws around.

But one night as he sat on the veranda of his bungalow, moody and tired, he suddenly recollected the fact. "The poor beggar has forsaken me—like the others," he said aloud. Half an hour later the servant appeared and announced that an old Chinaman was waiting below, and asking for him.

"Let him come up here," Smith rejoined petulantly.

The attendant withdrew like a shadow, and soon afterward an old man crept up the stairs.

"Teng Po!" he said humbly.

Smith stared at him, and the man seemed to grow more and more abject under his gaze. He was old, very old, and little, and dressed like a coolie. His hands were long and horny and he wore sandals instead of shoes. He came forward slowly and held out a package. "From Teng Po!" he said.

"From Teng Po!" speculated Smith, in surprise, taking the parcel.

He unwrapped it slowly, while the old man watched him eagerly. At the last turn of the paper Smith jumped back with his fingers and counted them mechanically—six hundred dollars in good Straits money. He glanced at the old man helplessly. "I don't understand," he gasped.

"From Teng Po," repeated the old man, with shining eyes; then, as the other said nothing, he continued: "For twelve years I have been bound to a rich towkay in Pahang for debt. Teng Po has worked all this time to save money to release me, for I am his father. Last year he sent word, 'One year more and I have money enough.' Ten days ago he came to me in Pahang and said: 'I have money enough, but I must help my friend.' My heart sank at that, for I am an old man, and time has been long in Pahang; but Teng Po said: 'I take your place. I am strong. You go back and give this to my friend.' I said, 'I am an old man and will not last long; let me work on.' But Teng Po went to the towkay and made out a paper, and I have come with the money."

The old man paused, dismayed at his own loquacity. Smith stood as if turned to stone. Finally he spoke: "Do you suppose I'll let him go into slavery for me?"

"Teng Po said you would refuse," answered the old man, "but he made me promise to leave the money—never to touch it again after giving it into your hands. I shall do so, Tuan; I am an old man but I have promised," and before Smith could stop him he was gone.

That was a trying night to Dan Smith. He was writing a letter home, but not till daylight did he bring himself to add this postscript:

"I send draft for a hundred pounds. A friend advanced it to me."

The next morning, on his way to the godown, a messenger in the livery of a downtown firm met him and handed him a chit. He opened it carelessly and read:

"Dear Sir:—I have the honor to inform you that Jelebu mining stock is worth to-day 150-12. Very truly,

"JOHN W. CONNELLY, Secy.,
"Jelebu Development Company, Ltd."

Smith gave a yell of joy and hugged the messenger in his exuberance of feeling. Then he called a rickshaw and tore off to town like mad. The tide had turned at last. That night he called upon Kuchdoo Rhooasab, the money lender, whom he found sitting tailor fashion on a raised seat in his dingy office.

"I've come to settle," said Smith.

"So soon?" asked the chettie, startled. It was very unwelcome news, for in spite of all his threats he knew Smith was his best paying victim.

"Take that, will you!" As he spoke the caller threw a bag holding a hundred Mexican dollars very near the Hindoo's head, and the fusillade continued until four more bags had pumped against the wall of his flabby ribs.

"Did you ever see money paid in so rapidly?" Smith asked, ironically. "Give me my note now," and he left the shop, tearing up the ugly paper.

"Great Krishna!" stammered the money lender to himself. "And such are the men who rule this land!"

From Kuchdoo Rhooasab's land he hurried to the cable office and wired the British Resident in Pahang as follows:

"Six hundred dollars sent to release a Chinaman held for debt by rich towkay at Serapi. The man's name Teng Po. He is a prince."

Plenty of Water.

The earth contains an abundance of water, even in places like some of our great western plateaus, where the surface is comparatively arid. The greatest depth at which underground water can exist is estimated to be six miles. Below that the cavities and pores of the formation are completely closed. The amount of water in the earth's crust is reckoned at nearly one-third of that contained in the oceans so that it would cover the whole surface of the globe to a depth of from three thousand to 3,500 feet.

The waters underground flow horizontally after sinking below the unsaturated zone of the rocks, but in sands of the Dakota formation, which supply remarkable artesian wells, the motion does not exceed one or two miles a year. The underflow toward the sea beneath the great plains may sometimes take the form of broad streams or moving sheets of water, but the movement is excessively slow.

A TELEGRAPH TYPEWRITER

New Invention in Telegraphy
Improves Old System.

HIGHER SPEED CLAIMED

Adaptation of Typewriter to Telegraph and Substitution of Type-written Message—System of Two Austrian Calls in the Aid of Photography.

New York.—It has been estimated that for every wireless message sent and received there are sent more than 300,000 messages over the wires. With this in mind, it is easy to see that an improvement or invention that greatly facilitates the sending of messages in the old way is of greater present day value than the discovery of a system or principle which will probably remain in the experimental stage for at least a score of years more.

Two such inventions and discoveries have been made recently, or rather, which, if capable of accomplishing what the inventors assert, must produce a change, amounting almost to a revolution, in the ordinary telegraph of every day life.

The first of these inventions is the work of an American, J. C. Barclay, assistant general manager of the Western Union Telegraph Company. The invention consists of the adaptation of the typewriter to the telegraph and the substitution of a type-written message, given at full typewriter speed, for the slow and laborious code of the Morse alphabet. By the use of his appliance, according to Mr. Barclay, a person may sit at a typewriter in one city and hammer out his message as fast as he is able, while a similar typewriting machine in another city at the other end of the line takes down the message in identical the same way it is given, capitals, punctuation and all.

It is obvious what a saving of time and labor this means. According to Mr. Barclay the sender needs to know only how to operate a typewriter. The receiver needs only to keep the machine supplied with paper.

Mr. Barclay said recently that he had been at work on his invention for a long time and had overcome all defects.

Mr. Barclay said that there were reasons why he could not now give out a technical description of the machine in use or allow the machine itself to be seen. When these reasons are done away with he will issue a description of the patent and give a public exhibition of its work.

The second invention which seems destined to work a great change in methods of telegraphing is the work of two Austrian scientists, and is known as the Pollak-Virag telegraph instrument. The results claimed to have been achieved by this instrument are much more wonderful in their way than those accomplished by Barclay in his adaptation of the typewriter to use in telegraphing.

The inventors of the Pollak-Virag telegraph instrument assert that by their system they can send without undue haste from 40,000 to 50,000 words an hour, and that it is received in good legible handwriting which need not be translated.

How this is done it is not so easy to explain or understand. The technical description given by the inventors is far too complicated for the layman to get anything from. As nearly as it can be described the system is about as follows, says the Brooklyn Eagle.

The message to be transmitted is converted into telegraphic dots and dashes on a "perforator" that looks like a typewriter. The perforator punches in a slip of paper a series of small holes that correspond to the form of letters. The slip is passed over a series of cylinders and electric waves, find their way through the prepared holes and come out at the other end in the same sequence in which they were sent.

In recording the letters the system calls in the aid of photography. The electric waves are conveyed to a little mirror and they cause the mirror to move in two directions, horizontal and vertical. Electric light is focused on the mirror and sent by it to a sensitized paper. The mirror moves only the smallest fraction of a millimeter and the exposure of the sensitized paper is only the thousandth part of a second, but legible writing at the rate of fifteen a second.

The motions of the mirror are only two, vertical and horizontal. If produced slowly the letters would be angular, but the rapidity of the flashes with the movement of the paper film give the finished message the appearance of handwriting. Developing and fixing the message takes ten seconds.

Cables' New Measuring Device.

Paris.—The new device known as the "taximeter" consisting of a clock-work arrangement for measuring distance and indicating the exact amount of the fare was placed in a limited number of cabs.

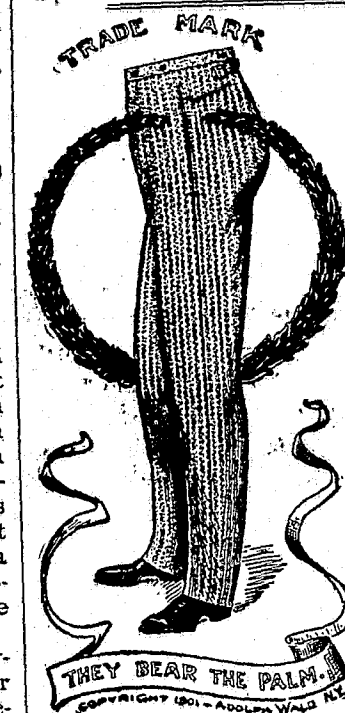
The fare is 75 centimes for 1,200 meters. The trial appeared to be satisfactory and the apparatus will probably gradually be adopted by the various companies.

Cables that have tried it are pleased with the system and think they can make more money than by the old method.

Actions speak louder than words, but they do not speak as often.

You wish to flatter a man it is sufficient to say: "In business every one recognizes your genius."

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Our Trousers Stock is the Pride
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It's about now that you begin to notice how dilapidated your trousers are. The new styles are very neat cut in "half bloomer" and "full bloomer," while the tailoring is simply perfection in trouser making. We've a great variety of patterns and can fit all legs and suit all tastes.

Trousers for working men and for business men, \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00, and \$2.75.

Trousers good enough for anybody or for any purpose, \$2.00, \$2.50 and \$3.00.

Trouser excellence and luxury that can't be beaten, \$4.00, \$4.50 and \$5.00.

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Never was more popular than now. We have a large assortment in plain whites, spots, stripes, grays and browns, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50 and \$3.00.

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- Improved Dock-Ash Grate, which makes a better fire and saves fuel;
- Removable Nickel Rails, which save half the trouble of blacking;
- Together with the Simmering Cover, extra large Ash Pan, etc., etc.

If there is no agent in your town we will send a "Crawford" on 30 days' trial.

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TOURISTS.

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One of the finest equipped plants in the Pine Tree State.

The Lightest Possible Clothing

FOR SUMMER WEAR.

There's something comfortably negligee about these two-piece suits. Flannels were always considered ideal for summer wear, and now all wool crasies, homespun and tropical weight worsteds are coming in for their share of favor. The coats of these suits are made up without linings. The trousers have turned up bottom and loops for belts. The man who wants summer comfort will find it inside one of these suits. \$5.00 to \$10.00.

H. B. FOSTER,
NORWAY, MAINE

VOLUME XI.—NU

Price Reduction

All of this season's suits marked down right weather when you need them a chance to save money on what you want now.

Wash Suits.

ONE LOT Suits of linen, tiste, waist has lace front, plain skirt, re \$1.49, now

ONE LOT Suits of white, has tucks and inse tucked in front, nea \$2.98, now

ONE LOT Suits, good and linen finished waists have insertion house skirt, lined f has embroidery on skirt, was \$3.98, now

ONE LOT, Suits of cotton, white, tan, navy tucked waist, plaited neat, durable suit, now

ONE LOT Suits of good ed flunce skirt, neat insertion, were \$4.98, now

White Linen Suits, were \$4.50.

Brilliantine Suits. This season's best s

ONE LOT in brown and tucked, silk stock, p regular price \$4.98,

ONE LOT plain brown a mixed black and wh white, and brown stylish, well made \$7.50, now

ONE LOT of high luster back, skirt has 24 p bottom, very neat, now

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NORWAY

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby give Blanchard of Rumford Fred Bean Merrill of made application to the of Bar Examiners for admission to the Ba session of the Board t Portland on the first August, 1905.

JOHN B. M
Secretary of

C. E. Lawn Pa

The Christian Ende will give a Mid-summer sisting of salads, cold wiches, cake, etc., with sian tea, and ice cream, pean plan. Pay for wh get what you want.

Those who do not v supper, may be serve cream and cake alone.

Remember, the plac in front of the Chapel—Wednesday evening,

MARRIED.

At the Congregation Bethel, by Rev. C. N. G. evening of July 1, Mr. ward and Miss Villa W. B. Upton.

Mother Gray's Appeal

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